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QUINCY POINT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
QUINCY, MASS.

# POINTER

# JUNE '37

Dante Pasqualone

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"OUR PRINCIPAL"

THE POINTER STAFF

# THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

VOL. VIII QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—JUNE 1937 No. 1

**THE POINTER STAFF**

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# EDITORIALS

## POINT SPIRIT

"Heredity is the exposed film. Environment is the developer of the film."

The Quincy Point Junior High School Alumni is a body of loyal friends. Appreciative of what the school has done for its members in laying the foundation of an education, our former students follow the activities of the school with pride and keen interest. Having been stimulated in the desire to excel and to be successful, the two thousand or more alumni are cordially invited to continue to keep in touch with "Point" through some form of club.

Girls and boys in our present school body, you are realizing more and more that preparation and carefully completed work are the keys to open the door to success. Do not be afraid of doing those things which your heart or conscience tell you are right to do. "Skimming" or being satisfied with a "C" when you can do better is not wise or desirable. If you really want an education and not merely a certificate, use your school time to develop a courteous, attractive personality.

You have a definite contribution to make to yourself, your parents, your school, and your city. You have inherited many fine qualities from your parents who are loyal, courageous, unselfish, ambitious, and of the up and coming sort. In many cases they left foreign countries to enjoy the better opportunities in this new place. You are the product of such a home and of our school tradition and atmosphere.

Quincy Point Junior High School offers you the best possible environment in which to develop a clear-cut, unclouded picture of yourself. Be prepared; go forward; so that we can claim you with pride and affection. Always remember: "Once a Pointer, always a Pointer."

Henry T. Prario, Principal.

## COVER DESIGN

The front cover, designed by Dante Pasqualone, depicts the theme of the school play which was given this year. We have attempted to carry this same air of mystery throughout the literary section of our magazine.

The Editor.

## LOOKING TO THE FUTURE THROUGH THE PAST

As promotional exercises come into view, do we all realize that we have come to the end of our ninth year in school? Three of the years have been spent in Quincy Point Junior High School.

Our education is sometimes compared to a set of stairs because we may climb from the first step of the first grade to the top, where we must go out into the world to find a position. We of the ninth grade are ready to take our tenth step, one of the greatest of them all. We will go on through high school and possibly to college to further our education.

If we find our school work hard, we have to "plug" to keep up with the rest of the class, but the education we have received in "Point" will enable us to reach the goal we seek.

Albert Clifford, School President.

## ONWARD

Now that it is nearing time for us to leave the Quincy Point Junior High School, we all feel a little sad at our departure and a little nervous about our new adventure at Senior High School.

Three years ago, when we entered this school, we were at the beginning of a new era. We were a bit skeptical about ourselves and careers as we had planned them. Through the coöperation of the teachers, we were helped over many of the difficult places and each day we grew into the spirit of the school more thoroughly.

We have all felt the good of our excellent teaching staff and the spirit of coöperation that prevails here. The Class of 1937 is leaving the Quincy Point Junior High School with many regrets; but we must all go forward in our search for advanced knowledge. Due to our having spent three years in this splendid institution, we are now prepared to take our next step.

Dorothy MacLean, Class President.

## A MESSAGE

Fellow Students:

The time has come for us to advance further in the line of education. We are advancing to do bigger and better things. How we do these things depends upon the past. The future of our lives depends upon the past. We have already lived through the past, but the future is yet to come. On what does the future depend? It depends upon the abilities which we have shown are ours. It depends upon our ability or inability to coöperate, to study hard, to be courteous, to show initiative. These are all important spokes in the wheel of life.

Coöperation is important in our living with the other human beings around us. In the school room without coöperation, our system would be demoralized to the extent that instead of an orderly room of learning we would have a wild "free for all."

The ability to study hard is one to be treasured by every earnest student. There are among us those students who think that they do not need to study. Let us not envy them, but rather pity them because there will come a day when they will regret not having formed proper study habits.

We have thus far considered only the spokes of the wheel, but what of the most important part, the part that holds all the spokes together, the outside rim? It is most important in the living of our daily lives, the ability to give "The Extra Ounce." It is this quality that is the important factor in finishing anything which we have started. To Pointers it is an old story that stands repetition.

No matter where we advance, no matter where we may roll along on the wheel of life, Pointers will always be distinguished by their ability to give "The Extra Ounce."

William J. Cohen, Editor-in-Chief.

# NEWS IN REVIEW

## THE SCHOOL ELECTION

The rally preceding the school election took place in the school auditorium in September. We voted for the officers the following Monday during home room period. The result of the election was as follows:

Albert Clifford .....President
Warren Jones .....Second Floor Councilor
William Bavin .....First Floor Councilor

Julia Hajjar, 9-7.

## NINTH GRADE ADVISORS

This year the ninth grade class elected three faculty advisors. They and their duties were as follows:

Miss Arnold: Class Play, Class Pictures, Reception
Mr. Farrell: Class Play, Dancing Class
Mr. Meaney: Will, Prophecy, Class Pins and Dues

William Cohen, 9-7.

## THE VON HINDENBURG

On October 9, 1936, the famous dirigible, the Von Hindenburg, was scheduled to pass over Quincy. The whole city was awaiting its arrival. At 11.45 A. M., it was announced that the Von Hindenburg was passing over the school, but after anxiously scanning the sky for a few minutes, nothing was seen of it. Every one was disappointed. A few minutes later another alarm was given and this time it was not false. The whole school had an excellent view of the air ship. A few minutes later its shining hulk disappeared from view and the pupils returned to their classes.

Dorothy Hanson, 9-7.

## THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO QUINCY

One Wednesday, the people of Quincy were waiting to see the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. This most thrilling and exciting event was to take place at three-fifteen.

Quincy Center was filled with people anxiously awaiting his arrival. They had one eye on the city clock and the other in the direction from which the President was to come. At three thirty-five, three aerial bombs were sent up in front of the Adams Houses.

Then that moment of moments arrived! The President, escorted by State Policemen, came up Hancock Street. The people almost went wild with excitement and everyone was greatly impressed by his cheery wave and smile. This was over very shortly. The people of Quincy will always remember the date, October 21, 1936, as the day that the President visited Quincy.

Madeline George, 9-7.

## W. P. A. ORCHESTRA

On October 22, 1936, we were very fortunate in having the W. P. A. Orchestra play for us. They featured in music, Richard Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance." Mrs. Mable DeWolf led the orchestra and Vincent Del Galo was the soloist.

Shirley Shulman, 9-8.

## MR. EUGENE F. FANNING

In addition to the W. P. A. Orchestra, we had a speaker by the name of Eugene F. Fanning from the Registry of Motor Vehicles. He spoke on the topic of safety. One act which he thought extremely brave was about a girl of eight years, who was playing jump-rope with one of her friends when a car came along and struck her companion. The driver stopped, got out, picked up the little girl, threw her on the sidewalk, and rode away. The victim's friend was quick and scratched the license number in the dirt near the sidewalk. She went into the house and copied the number on a paper. She then gave it to the police when they arrived. They took it and within half an hour they had caught the hit-and-run driver.

Mr. Fanning was very interesting. Now we will try to reduce the large number of accidents that have occurred in this state.

Francis Marr, 8-1.

## OPEN HOUSE

November 19, 1936, was Parent-Teachers' Night. This gave the parents an opportunity to find out what their children were doing in school work and to become acquainted with the teachers.

The conferences began at seven-thirty. At eight o'clock the parents and teachers went into the auditorium where they were entertained by pupils of the school.

Madeline George, 9-7.

## ARMISTICE DAY

The members of 9-3, 8-5, and the dramatic club presented a play entitled "America Remembers." The characters were as follows:

Mrs. Spencer ..... Naseema Hid
Mr. Spencer ..... Edward Johnson
Bobby ..... Donald Ash
Jim ..... Robert Petzoldt
Pleasure ..... Alice Field
Memory ..... Louise Kalil
Tom ..... William Bavin

Lena Cavalieri recited "Flanders Field."

After the assembly, Mr. Charles Wallace Higgins from the American Legion spoke to us about Armistice Day. He especially brought out the point of building up our character. It was a very profitable talk.

Julia Hajjar, 9-7.

## EDUCATION WEEK

For the Education Week assembly, the third grade of the Daniel Webster School gave a play on the care of books. The sixth grade gave one on why we should go to school. The ninth grade also gave a play comparing old schools with up-to-date schools. Albert Clifford read a proclamation by His Excellency, James M. Curley, Governor.

Parents were urged to visit the schools during the week. Invitations were sent home to encourage them to come.

Jesse Francis, 8-1.

## MR. CLEMENS

On November 17, 1936, we were very fortunate in being entertained by a puppet show. It was put on by Mr. Clemens. The title was "Treasure Island," taken, of course, from the well known book of the same name, written by Robert Louis Stevenson. The play was very well done.

Mr. Clemens handled the entire show himself. This is something in itself, as it is the only one-man show in the United States. Mr. Clemens has been making puppets and putting on shows for twenty years. He has visited every one of the forty-eight states and Canada. Besides "Treasure Island," Mr. Clemens puts on "Jack in the Beanstalk," "Rip Van Winkle," "Hansel and Gretel," and many others.

An admission price of ten cents was charged and part of the proceeds went for the buying of sweaters for the soccer team.

William Cohen, 9-7.

## RAILWAY MOVIE

On December 1, 1936, through the courtesy of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company, the pupils of the school were invited to attend a movie in the Assembly Hall.

Before the movie, Mr. James H. Hayes, Superintendent of the Railway Company gave a short talk to the pupils on the purpose of the movie.

The subject was courtesy. It set a fine example to the pupils. Altogether the hour was sent in a very gainful manner.

Dorothy Hanson, 9-7.

## MR. BOWYER RETURNS

Found in the list of instructors at Point this year is a familiar name. It is that of Mr. Bill Bowyer, former gym instructor for boys at Quincy High, who has replaced Mr. Call.

Mr. Bowyer's duties started during the basketball season. We hope they will continue for some time to come. Along with his work as sports coach, Mr. Bowyer instructs the boys' gym classes.

Since his arrival a new spirit has been seen among the athletes of this school. Already Mr. Bowyer has started something new and interesting for the boys. During lunch, Mr. Bowyer appoints volunteers to take charge of games, such as, basketball, volley-ball, baseball and horseshoes. He stands ready to aid the boy if any controversy arises.

Mr. Bowyer, we salute you for the inimitable work you have done in creating a new and better interest in the athletics of our school! We hope you will enjoy working with us as we enjoy working for you.

Clayton Sheppard, 9-8.

## NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

This year two new teachers have replaced two who left us to pursue the career of matrimony. Miss Allbright has taken the place of Miss DiPanfilo who resigned last June. Mrs. Bergquist has been substituting for Miss Finer who presented her resignation in December. The Editor.

## THE BLUEBIRD

On Thursday, January 7, 1937, we were very fortunate in having Miss Gentry here at our school to present Madame M. Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." Miss Gentry took the parts of all the characters in the story.

Shirley Shulman, 9-8.

## JOHN HANCOCK'S BIRTHDAY

On January 23, 1937, we celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of a great American patriot, John Hancock.

Through the kindness of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, we received booklets which contained brief facts about the life of John Hancock. Each pupil also received a sixteen page newspaper which was devoted to the life of Hancock and Dorothy Quincy who later became his wife.

In the various schools of Quincy, numerous programs were held in homerooms in memory of John Hancock.

Mr. Hancock was born in Quincy and received his early education here. When his father died he went to live with his uncle, a wealthy merchant. In 1764 his uncle died and John, just a young man of twenty-seven, inherited the business. Hancock was a leader of the people and in 1775 he was elected President of the Second Continental Congress. He was also first Governor of Massachusetts in 1780. He died October 8, 1793, at the age of fifty-six.

William Cohen, 9-7.

## DR. GEORGE ROEMMERT

On February 8, 1937, we were called to attend a special assembly because we were honored in having with us Dr. George Roemmert, a German scientist. At the beginning of the assembly he explained to us how a Dutchman named Labenkook saw various types of microscopic life under a large magnifying glass. This later led to the development of the microscope. If it had not been for Labenkook and his discovery, such men as Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch would never have been able to discover the causes of diseases and how to prevent them. Dr. Roemmert showed us several slides of microscopic life. We all enjoyed his illustrated lecture and hope he will visit us some time in the near future.

Shirley Shulman, 9-8.

## I MET A MAN

When I first became acquainted with the fact that I was to meet Mr. Stacey Southworth, I was very glad to know I was to have the opportunity to meet a man so high in the educational world.

On meeting Mr. Southworth I found him to be a jovial, hearty, mild-mannered man, who had a very pleasing and unique personality. I knew then that I was going to enjoy introducing him to the rest of the school so that they too might have the pleasure of knowing him. Mr. Southworth was very interested in our school and its activities, and was particularly interested in our up-to-date library — so much so that he seemed very reluctant to leave it. However, the pupils were filing into the auditorium and we were obliged to leave.

When in the auditorium he gave a very authentic account of the lives of two of the greatest men in our history: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. His were not the cut and dried accounts used by professional speakers, but warm intimate glimpses into their famous lives. He seemed to be so interested in what he was unfolding before us, that that alone was sufficient to hold the complete interest of his audience of Quincy Point pupils. He did not use flowery phrases that are sometimes so boring, but used simple, descriptive words that conveyed his meaning to his listeners in a much more interesting maner.

It is to be hoped that the occasion will arise for Mr. Stacey Southworth to again address us, because I believe that the pupils of Quincy Point Junior High School have found a great and true friend in Mr. Southworth, Head Master of Thayer Academy.

Warren K. Jones, 9-7.

CAST OF "THE SCARECROW CREEPS"

## THE SCHOOL PLAY

The Point production this year was a three act mystery comedy entitled "The Scarecrow Creeps." It was presented under the direction of Mr. Evans. This was the first time in the history of our school that a three act play was given. The director, the cast, and everyone connected with the production worked very hard for its success.

CHARACTERS
(In order of appearance)

Adamm Throgg .....Fred Parker
Maudie Hobbs .....Pauline Elder
Roderick Gage .....Eugene Pearlin
Dr. Kenneth Gage .....Robert Petzoldt
Aunt Zinnia Washington .....Doris Dwyer
Trailing Arbutus (T. A.) .....George Pahud
Perry Gage .....Allen Corcoran
Miss Annabelle Gage .....Naseema Hid
Miss Amelia Gage .....Mary Omar
Norma Gage .....Dorothy MacLean
Daniel Hartrey .....Substitute

Other groups that participated to make the evening a pleasant one and their selections were as follows:

VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR

Revelation From The Bible
Little John Bottle John
I'm Going Off To India
Spin, Lassie, Spin
Bells — Edgar Allen Poe
Mister Chipmunk — Vachel Lindsay
Old Irish Ballad

GLEE CLUB

Andantino (Starlight and Sunshine) .....Lamere
Sing Again That Sweet Refrain .....Davis

ORCHESTRA

March — Spirit of St. Louis —
Dedicated to Lindbergh
Toselli's Serenade .....Enrico Toselli
Valse Oriental .....P. Horfurth
Manhattan March .....Louis A. Felker

## NEW UNIFORMS

The Point Varsity Basketball Team received new basketball uniforms for the first time in many years. The team celebrated the wearing of these new uniforms by winning the Junior High School Basketball Championship.

Edward Buckley, 9-7.

## THE BEACON

The "Beacon" developed from an inspiration of the Reporters' Club. It contains only news that is thought to be interesting to all and its motto is "Bring Home the Beacon."

Elizabeth Graff, 9-7.

## A DISAPPOINTING WINTER

Winter this year has been quite different from those of other years. The absence of snow has meant a great deal to the New England children. It has caused them to miss many hours of fun in sliding, skating, skiing, and other sports. Because of the lack of snow, Santa Claus was forced to use his æroplane instead of his old sleigh, which the children would have preferred.

Dust gathered on the sleds and skates while they were waiting to be used. We hope that next winter will bring an abundance of snow so that they will be kept in constant use to make up for the idleness of the past winter.

Yolanda Di Nardo, 9-7.

## SPELLING BEE

This spring the annual "Boston Herald" Spelling Bee was held for all the high schools in the Boston area. The purpose of the spelling bee was to determine the best speller in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. In our school, the division winners were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 9-1 Doris O'Connell | 9-5 Theresa Haefner |
| 9-2 Florence Di Tullio | 9-6 William Kay |
| 9-3 Jennie Mollica | 9-7 Walter Latham |
| 9-4 Esther Saskas | 9-8 Clayton Sheppard |

Each winner received a bronze medal. The school champion, Walter Latham, also received a silver medal. Florence Di Tullio was the runner-up for the school championship.

Mary St. John, 9-8.

## POSTER AWARDS

Awards were presented to the pupils who won prizes in the annual poster contest of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The first prize medals were bronze with blue ribbons. They were won by the following pupils:

Albert De Rado
Hope Whiting
Doris Preston
Thomas Vincent
Gloria Di Loreto

The second prize winners were given bronze medals with red ribons. They were as follows:

Ernest Caddy
Patsu Notrangle
Shirley Easton
Jennie Mollica
John Fyffe
Leslie Kitteridge

Members who received honorable mention were:

Mike Barba
Phyllis Hindmarsh
Mary Carosi
James Haslett
Raymond Kitteridge

These pupils are to receive a year's subscription to "Our Dumb Animals," the monthly magazine of the S. P. C. A.

Julia Hajjar, 9-7.

## IN MEMORIAM

The faculty and pupils of Quincy Point Junior High School extend their sincere sympathy to the family of Irving Latham, a former editor-in-chief of the "Pointer."

The Editor.

## DESIGNERS

The Art Staff, quiet and conscientious, has done some fine work during the year for different occasions. Scenery for the fall and spring plays, the frames in the Drawing Room, and the colored panels for the reception are a few of the accomplishments.

The morning staff boys are: Thomas Vincent, Peter Marchese, Dante Pasqualone, and Albert Hassen. The night staff members are: Jennie Mollica, Doris Preston, Gloria Di Loreto, Leslie Kitteridge, and John Fyffe.

Dante Pasqualone, 9-8.

# LITERARY

## THE NORFOLK SCHOOL MYSTERY

"Something has to be done about this," spoke Miss Larson who was a ninth grade Algebra teacher at Norfolk School for Girls. "I don't know of any student who would steal the Algebra questions and answers. I want everyone to be looking around and, if she discovers any clue, she will please notify me immediately."

In a few minutes the class was adjourned. The pupils rose from their seats, eyeing each other suspiciously. Janet Cronin was met by her best friend, Doris Weston, who spoke hurriedly as she grabbed Janet's arm and pushed her down the aisle and into the corridor.

"Isn't it just thrilling to have a mystery right in our own school. Now we can have a little fun investigating."

"Yes, I have my eye on someone already," said Janet.

"And who is this someone?" asked Doris.

"Well, you know how slow Carol Baker is. She'd love to know the answers. You even heard her say just the other day, 'I'd give anything if I could just have the questions and answers in the algebra examination.' Those were her very words. We'll keep our eyes open whenever she's around."

Two days passed and the girls found not one single clue. Miss Larson announced that the much expected examination would be given the following day.

"That gives me another idea," said Janet to Doris as they walked home from school that afternoon. "When Miss Larson reads our marks tomorrow, listen to hear what Carol Baker gets. If she gets a high mark, we'll know she must have cheated in some way."

The next day, the much awaited test was given, after which a study hour was called while Miss Larson corrected the papers. When the marks were read the girls listened intently as they heard the name Carol Baker with a percent of 93.

"Well, did you hear that?" said Doris as she joined her friend at the door.

"I certainly did," replied Janet. "Tonight we'll go over by Carol's house and, by standing on the fire escape, we can see what she is doing."

At half-past eight Doris and Janet walked over to Gear Avenue. Slowly and softly they crept up the fire escape facing Carol Baker's home. What they saw surprised Janet. She could see Carol studying from her algebra book. No papers were to be seen.

"If she had the questions and answers," said Janet, "she would be studying them now because Miss Larson said there would be another test soon. Well, we didn't find anything out tonight. Get your books, Doris, and we'll go over to my house to study."

A few minutes later, the girls were pondering over their Algebra work and the discussion of the school mystery had completely ceased. An hour later, Doris was packing her books up to go home, when three pages clipped together fell out of her notebook. Jant picked them up and as she did so she read the heading. Her heart nearly dropped into her shoes, for these were the words that she saw: Algebra Examination — Questions and Answers.

"Doris Weston, I never believed you would do a thing like this," said Janet, an angry tone in her voice.

"Oh! Janet, I had to do it. Don't you see I never would have passed the examination if I hadn't taken them? Please don't tell Miss Larson, Janet, please," and with this Doris threw herself on the bed and burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, Doris, but if you don't tell Miss Larson, I'll have to tell her. Miss Larson won't be so harsh with you if you go and tell her all about it yourself," said Janet in a consoling voice.

So it was that the following day Doris went to Miss Larson and told her all about it. Doris was suspended from school for a whole year and she could hardly bare to be away from her friends, but she knew that it was the best thing to do for everyone concerned.

A year later Doris returned. By hard study she soon caught up. The Norfolk School mystery had at last come to a happy ending.

Rose Gabriel, 9-2.

## SURPRISE

On the road leading to the Hammond Manor there could be seen two boys trudging along. They were talking about ghosts. Of course, they both agreed that there were no ghosts. One said, "We'll show 'em. When they dared us to spend the night in the Hammond Manor, they thought they had us; but we'll show 'em."

When they reached the giant mansion, it was dark. Still as brave as ever, they entered. The hinges creaked as they opened the huge doors. Everything was coated with dust and dirt. The older boy suggested that they sit down on the couch near the big fireplace. Just as they sat down they noticed that the couch was wet — with blood. Then the older boy remembered. This was the twentieth anniversary of the death of Mark Hammond and he was supposed to haunt the manor on his anniversary; but the boys weren't afraid of ghosts.

They decided to explore the house. There was nothing down-stairs except a few skeletons. They started to climb the long stairs to the upper floor. The stairs creaked from the weight on them. This noise made the boys a bit uneasy. Suddenly, when they reached the top, they heard a loud hair-raising cry from downstairs. They didn't wait for an invitation. They ran for the nearest door and opened it. A skeleton stuck out his hand as if to shake hands. This added more to their horror. They heard another crazy laugh and saw coming slowly up the stairs a white-robed figure with a skeleton head and with chains rattling and dragging behind. The boys ran down the hall to the next door and found it locked.

On the way the younger boy managed to say, "D-did you s-say there w-w-weren't any g-g-ghosts?"

Suddenly they discovered that they were at the end of the hall. Coming down from the other end was the ghost of Mark Hammond. The boys stood paralyzed with fear. There was no way of escape. The ghost let out another blood-boiling laugh and came toward them faster, the chains rattling on the old wooden floor. As he came nearer he drew out a long knife. He came closer to the frightened boys. He drew the knife for the death blow. And then all of a sudden — I woke up.

George Hodgkins, 8-1.

## DEATH'S HOLIDAY

"Give me a push," said Margie who was about to enjoy a long ride down the side of Camel's Hump Hill. Every night at six-thirty, Margie Orion and several other friends met at the foot of Camel's Hump Hill with their sleds (provided there was snow on the ground). After all had arrived they would start up the hill together. At the foot of the hill were railroad tracks, but there was no danger, because everyone knew the train schedule.

There was only one thing different tonight and that was Margie had to take her little brother Billy along. However, he was told to slide on the opposite side of Camel's Hump H ll with the younger children.

Margie and her friends slid down the hill until they began to get numb from the cold.

"Just one more ride," said Barbara, a close friend of Margie. So away they went together down the hill.

Billy, whose feet began to feel like ice, came over to ask Margie to take him home. Seeing no one there, he decided to sneak a ride. Just then he saw the tassel of his sister's hat, so he gave himself a push and away he went, full speed ahead. A train whistle blew, but he didn't pay any attention to it for he thought there wasn't a train due for some time. Nevertheless it seemed to be coming in the same direction as Billy. Margie had sighted her brother, but it was too late to do anything. She closed her eyes

and thought that she would open them only to see the remains of her little brother's body. But evidently Billy had been going faster than the train for his sled went under one of the freight cars and he was safely on the other side. Everyone's legs were paralyzed, but when the children were over the shock, they all ran to him. Margie's face wasn't distinguishable from the snow.

"Thank God you are all right," said Margie.

"Sure I am, but gee what a ride!" replied Billy who was now tightly clasped in his sister's arms.

Madeline George, 9-7.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE CHADWICK MANSION

It was a warm spring afternoon with a lovely pale blue sky overhead. Sitting on the veranda of their house were the Martin twins, Virginia and Sally, who were idly passing the afternoon by reading. Suddenly Virginia jumped up from the comfortable chair she had been sitting in and exclaimed eagerly, "I just thought of something we can do, Sally! Let's go and explore the Chadwick Mansion! That ought to be more exciting than reading a book. Oh, do say you will come with me, Sally!"

Sally jumped up and grabbed Virginia by the arm, saying as she did so, "That's a grand idea, Virginia! We can look around and hunt for the treasure that's supposed to be there. Come on into the house and we'll ask Mom if we may go."

Ten minutes later the twins went along the dusty road that led to the Chadwick Mansion. Arm in arm they skipped along together wondering what they would find in the way of treasure. The place had belonged to their Grandfather Martin, before he died. He had been a very rich man with eccentric ideas. When he died, he left a strange will that said Chadwick Mansion should belong to the twins who were then but small tots. The will also said that the treasure in the mansion should be divided between the twins. Everyone belonging to the Martin family had searched and searched for the treasure, but to no avail. You can be sure that the twins did not have any real hope of finding the treasure in Chadwick Mansion.

"My, doesn't it look dreary from here?" said Sally, shivering a little, for everyone said that there were ghosts in the mansion. Neither girl believed in ghosts, but for safety's sake they had brought along two flashlights, even though it was daylight.

The mansion stood far back from the road, its once fine lawn now covered with overgrown weeds. It was built like a typical southern mansion with its four towering pillars. Its crumbling walls were covered with vines and dust, and as the girls came quietly up the walk of gravel-stones, there seemed to be a forbidding and terrifying air about the place. Virginia walked right up to the door and started to unlock it; but Sally, who was a little less brave, hesitated for a moment. Then, holding each other's hands, the twins entered the mansion. Together they went to what had been a study in former days. Inside was a desk, some easy chairs, and four walls of filled book-cases.

"Maybe, maybe there's a secret drawer in the desk, said Virginia, faltering a little. You know, like we sometimes read about in books."

"Or maybe the treasure is behind those book-cases in a secret room!" giggled Sally, who now began to think the idea of a treasure very absurd.

"Or maybe ——."

Crash! A thunderous bang interrupted Virginia's sentence! The frightened girls looked at each other, and then ran as fast as they could out into the hall. They started to rush out the front door, but stopped suddenly, for at that moment something rolled down the stairs right before their astonished eyes. For a moment they stood there, too frightened to see what was before them; but when they did look they saw a dirty, very tousled, and dust-covered boy of about their own age. His curly blond hair and clear blue eyes made the twins think they had seen him before. But really, although the twins did not know it, he looked almost exactly like them. His fine-shaped nose and smiling mouth were truly Martin features.

"What — what are you doing here?" questioned Virginia.

The boy studied her critically for a moment and then said, "Really, I should ask you that question! What are you doing here-"

"Why — why Chadwick Mansion belongs to us!" cried the indignant Virginia. We're Virginia and Sally Martin.

"Well," began the handsome boy, "Chadwick Mansion belongs to me in a way. I haven't time to explain now. I was here looking for the treasure, and I think I've got it in this big iron box! Look what it says on this slip of paper that's pasted on the top. It says, 'The treasure of Chadwick Mansion lies within.' I didn't have time to try to open it, because when I heard you two talking I ran and hid in a musty closet. Then when I thought you had gone, I started to go downstairs, but I was in such a hurry that I rolled down instead. I found this box in a secret hole that was behind the wall in the closet I hid in. When I went into the closet, I was so out of breath that I just dropped down against the wall. It caved in on me, and to my surprise, I found the sharp corner from this box sticking into me. Do you want me to open it now?"

"Well," Sally regarded the boy keenly as she spoke, "I know I'd like to open it, but do you think it's right for us to do it? Anyway you haven't tried to open it! Maybe it's locked! We'd better take it home and open it." Then she added excitedly, "Say, I think we have the key to that box. It was with Grandfather's will!"

"Not so fast, young lady!" said a gruff voice behind them. They all wheeled around at once and beheld a roughly-dressed man with a gun, step from behind a curtain. "You're not going to have that treasure! I'm going to, see? I've been wantin' to get it for a nice long time. Now I'm going to tie you three up so you won't be able to spill things about me and about this being my hideout, until I'm far away! Now, no funny business!"

Before the three children had time to think, they found themselves already tied and gagged. After he had tied them, the thief walked backwards towards the front door, all the time his sharp eagle-like eyes watching them. All of a sudden the door opened, and who should bump into him but Mr. Martin, the twin's father! The jolt caused the thief to drop his gun. Mr. Martin had quickly picked it up and pointed it at him. He gave a quick look at the thief and then said hurriedly, "Why you're Jack Kenny, the escaped convict! I've seen your picture in the papers! You'd better stand still for I've got you covered!" Mr. Martin tied up Jack and then untied the children. When he saw the boy he said, with a queer look on his face, "You're not my long-lost brother's boy, are you? You look just like him!"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "My name's Teddy Martin. I was looking for the treasure when the twins found me. It's in that box that Jack dropped on the floor, I think."

He picked the box up from the floor and handed it to Mr. Martin, who read what was written on the top of the box. Mr. Martin said, "I think you have found the treasure, my lad; but it's locked! I think I've seen the twins with a key that ought to fit this. We'll open it at home. While I take Jack to the police station now, you go with the twins to our house. Then, Teddy, you get your mother while the twins round up our family. It will be pretty exciting for the Martin family to finally have the treasure!"

A half hour later in the Martin parlor were gathered all the members of the Martin family. Mr. Martin told how he had gone to bring the twins home, how he had bumped into the escaped convict, Jack Kenny, and then captured him. He surprised everyone by saying that he had the reward for Jack's capture — a thousand dollars!

Then Teddy proceeded to tell his story. He said, "My father was John Martin, or, as you all knew him, the brother of the twins' father. He married against Grandfather's wishes and so, in fear of Grandfather's wrath, he ran away. That's why you never heard of me before. I think you all know that part of the story. When he died, two years ago, my mother and I moved down here. I thought that as Chadwick Mansion belonged to me after my father's death, I was free to search for the treasure." Then Teddy told how he had found the box.

Mr. Martin brought out the box and the key which had been given to the twins by their Grandfather. He gave a quick turn, and the box was unlocked. He lifted the lid and found nothing inside but a packet of old letters. Everyone gasped for this was not what they had expected, but Sally jumped up and said, "There's the Chadwick Treasure. Those stamps are shown in our stamp catalog and they're worth plenty of money because they're old as the hills!

They're mis-printed stamps too, which makes them more valuable!''

Later, the Martin family decided to divide the treasure among the three children, because Teddy had found it. Teddy and his mother were also to come and live in the Martin house. As Virginia said afterwards, with a happy sigh, ''That was the end of the mystery of the Chadwick Mansion!''

Miriam Sherad, 7-1.

## THE STRANGE VISITOR

John put his mystery story magazine down and laughed at the impossibility of the ''Mad Scientist,'' the story he had been reading. After he had been lying down for a little while, he forgot all about the story. Presently he heard a knock on the door, but hesitated to answer it because he thought his father and mother were in the next room and it would probably be someone who wanted to see either one of them. When he was convinced that they weren't there, he went himself. He was surprised, for when he reached the door, it was opening by itself. This was a strange thing for the door had been locked so that nobody could open it from the outside. The door opened and a strange man that John thought he should know stood there. After a few moments of pondering John recognized him as the mad scientist in the story he had just finished reading.

''What do you want,'' asked John, ''and how did you open the door?''

''I found out from the machine that reads people's minds that you do not believe I am a real person. I opened the door with my spring-snapper. That will satisfy you, I hope,'' replied the mad-man.

Then he grabbed John and began running with him. When John began struggling, the scientist twisted the wristwatch he was wearing and they began to go up in the air. Presently they came to a large mansion floating in the air. The scientist stepped on the door step and the door opened.

''There,'' he said, ''is an example of my skill. I have taken my mansion and brought it up here. I also used my spring-snapper on that.''

He led John through a long hall into a large room filled with many machines. The scientist pulled a lever and the house began to move. When he pulled another it stopped.

''That is how I move this mansion around up here,'' the mad-man said.

After he had shown John many other things he shook him.

''John, wake up and stop yelling,'' said the scientist who had suddenly turned into John's father.

''I'll never read another one of those books again!'' was John's vow as he went into the dining room to eat.

Richard Lusk, 7-1.

## COMRADES

A few weeks ago I read in the paper an article that brought tears to my eyes. It seemed that two dogs, one a mongrel, the other a wire-haired fox terrier, were playing in the street. A speeding car ran over the terrier and the dog had barely enough strength to crawl to a nearby lot. When someone finally noticed him, he was dead. The pound was called; but as the men tried to take him away, the mongrel stood over him and lunged at anyone that came near them. The police were called, but to no avail. The mongrel stood his guard. No coaxing could move him.

Finally after eight hours, the famished dog was conquered by a tempting piece of meat.

As I read this article, I thought, ''Are there many humans as faithful as that?''

Lillian Albertini, 8-1.

## A PROWLING ARAB

One night not long ago I ate too many green apples and I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that I was an Arab in the desert. I took the blankets off my bed, wrapped them around me, and walked down stairs. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I walked into the kitchen, sat down in the chair, and fell asleep.

When my father was going to work in the morning, he woke me. There wasn't any school that day. So I went back to bed and had a good ''night's'' sleep even though it was daytime. Lawrence Smith, 7-7.

## JONATHAN'S JONAH

Every time that Jonathan Webb wore the blue necktie that his uncle had given him, he had bad luck. He had worn it every week to the church supper, but after he lost ten dollars, ruined a new suit, and nearly broke his arm, he stopped wearing it.

Once when his uncle was visiting his house, Jonathan's mother made him wear the tie to make a good impression on his uncle. That same day he flunked his examination in college, broke his glasses, and his pet dog was run over by a truck. He made up his mind, then and there, to throw the Jonah away; but instead he threw it into his bureau drawer, intending to destroy it later.

About a month later all his other ties were worn out and, as he had not yet thrown his Jonah away, Jonathan decided he would have to wear it. Early in the afternoon he bumped into a man with a bundle under his arm as the man ran around a corner. The man, evidently in a hurry, gave him the package, told him to hide it, and started running again. Jonathan started after him in amazement, but finally found sense enough to open the package and discover the contents.

Never was a young man in all England, so surprised as Jonathan when he beheld the crown jewels. While he was peering, mouth a-gape, into the box, two bobbies with guns in their hands, came puffing up the street and seeing Jonathan with the jewels, took him to the police station.

The next day the king and queen, accompanied by many dukes, counts and ladies were present at the trial. Jonathan who still had the blue tie on, thought that it was the end. After the prosecutor had spoken and Jonathan had spoken in defence of himself, a powerful count stepped forward and testified in favor of Jonathan. He said that he had seen from the window of his home the real thief hand the crown jewels to Jonathan.

Jonathan received a reward for returning the jewels and was given a job as coachman to the king. The king, taking a fancy to Jonathan's blue tie, bought it from him at a high price. So Jonathan bought another just like it and put it in his drawer. It's now his most cherished possession.

Walter Farrell, 8-1.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a cold bleak night. Up on the hill the old Davis house stood out as if it knew it was Hallowe'en night. The last of the Davis family had died about two years before. They had been a peculiar type.

Now it was Hallowe'en and the "gang" was out to get the remaining apples that had withstood the cold autumn wind. The apple trees had belonged to the Davis' and nobody had ever gone up there to get them. Each member of the gang had a strange feeling inside of him; but no one dared admit it to the other.

The boys were ready to start. While they were walking, one of them remained behind unnoticed. He carried a bundle under his arm.

At last they reached the top of the hill. They decided to stay close together while they were picking the apples. In their excitement they didn't miss Jim who had slipped away behind the bushes at the start.

They had just settled themselves and were ready to pick the apples when, from the direction of the house, they heard a faint noise. It grew louder and louder until at last a ghostly figure appeared. It was a weird figure wobbling along. Seeing this, each boy thinking only of himself, scrambled down from the trees and started to run. They didn't stop until they had reached the bottom of the hill. There they all stood trembling, each one looking at the other in utter amazement.

After the ghost had had his laugh he took off his masquerading outfit and proceeded to eat the apples to his heart's content. Who was it? Of course. Jim.

Julia Hajjar, 9-7.

## MIDNIGHT PATROL

On a dark and gloomy night in front of one of several hangars was a slick black Spad with its motor droning a peaceful tune. Beside the hangars was a low building with a dim light burning. Captain McCoy sat beside the light fixing some ammunition drums. He was waiting for the return of his pal who had been due from his patrol half an hour before. The Captain grew impatient and hurriedly picked up his ammunition drums. Quickly and silently he made for the door so as not to wake the other sleeping pilots. He went to the third hangar to get the mechanic to ask him if the plane had been refueled. He then climbed into the cockpit and summoned the mechanic to remove the blocks. He gunned his Hispano

Siuza a few times and then started down the field, gaining momentum every inch of the way until he ascended, with a blue flame shooting from the exhaust, into the black heavens.

He headed toward the front. While flying swiftly along a few miles behind his own lines, he spotted through the darkness, another plane of his squadron flying back. He knew that it was his pal returning to the airdrome.

After flying around about an hour he heard the motors of oncoming planes. Knowing that there were no ally planes in his territory, he looked to his twin Vickers and started up, flying to what he thought was about fifteen hundred feet above them. It was a hun bombing squadron, consisting of a Gotha and four Albatross scouting planes. Before they were aware of his presence, he opened fire on the leader, sending him down in flames. Capt. McCoy then started for the bomber, but was stopped by two of the scouting planes. By suddenly diving and banking to the right, he got clear of the two huns, and made for the Gotha. His Vickers belched forth a volley of lead into the bomber, damaging the rudder. McCoy looked to his left and saw a hun diving straight at him, sending a spray of bullets into his fuselage.

Again McCoy dove at the Gotha and opened fire on it. This time he hit the gas tank which immediately burst into flames, sending the ship to its destruction. He glanced at his gas meter and saw that it was almost empty. No sooner had he done this than he felt a bullet pierce his shoulder and he saw the two huns diving at him. One of their bullets hit the feed line and the little remaining gas leaked out. The plane went into a spin about three hundred feet above ground. Tugging desperately at the controls he finally pulled the plane out of the spin, but it was too late, for the plane crashed to the ground. Fortunately he was thrown clear.

A Belgian patrol happened to be passing and found his senseless body. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a Belgian hospital with his leg broken in two places and five ribs crushed.

When the treaty of peace was signed, McCoy was decorated for bravery and given the Victoria Cross.

John C. Fyffe, 9-7.

## THRILLS ALOFT

Everyone has thrills which he never forgets. They may be great or small; but, nevertheless, they are experiences which hide themselves away in "memory lane." Such an experience befell me one day last summer.

After having a delightful swim in the ocean, my friends and I thought we would amuse ourselves by walking through Paragon Park, Nantasket Beach, and watching the various amusements. The roller-coasters especially attracted our attention. We thought it would be fun to have our first ride on the roller-coasters. We all purchased a ticket and took a seat.

"Don't be afraid and above all don't stand up," were the warning words of the caretaker as he pushed a stick forward and away we went to conquer the thrilling coasters. Up, up, and up we went, getting higher and higher every second. As we were ascending we looked through the corners of our eyes and saw the people below us moving about. My companion, seeing the steep hill we were to go down, shouted, "I want to get out!"

As frightened as I was, I called to him, "Shut your eyes and don't be afraid!"

Down we went as my stomach leaped to my mouth. The shouting and screaming rang in my ears. Round and round we went, receiving thrills and surprises. The shouting and screaming were continuous until finally we stopped.

I was never so glad to step on firm soil; but I went home with the happy thought of having conquered the bold roller-coasters.

Bernard Raneri, 8-1.

## MY LIFE

I was standing peacefully in the midst of a group of trees in the dense part of the forest when I heard a snapping of twigs. I looked up to see who it was and I saw four men, heavily clad, coming towards me. Two of the men had hatchets in their hands. Suddenly I felt a piercing sensation at my side and before I knew it I was lying on the ground. I was then placed on a logging wagon and carried to the water and floated down a stream. As I was traveling I saw a puff of smoke and I realized it was the factory, the house of torture, where all trees dread to go. Before I knew it I was being cut up into long slender pieces of wood. I was then placed into a machine where I was rounded. Next I was painted a gay red. Then the worst of all came. I was placed into a big black machine and the torture began. The machine dug and dug me until I felt like crying in pain.

After the torture ended, a large red eraser was placed on the top of my head. I then was tossed into a large white box with creatures looking much like myself. A large cover was placed over us and I felt as though I were riding in a truck.

When the cover was removed, I found that, sure enough, I had been carried from the factory to a stationery store where there were a few shoppers lingering. A grouchy looking old lady came to where I was lying with some of my friends and picked me up. She soon tossed me aside and picked up a pencil painted light green. Then she walked away. Two or three hours slipped by and then I saw a sweet looking girl come toward me. She picked me up and handed me to the clerk who operated the store. He placed me in a paper bag and she walked out of the store.

Just as we arrived at her home and were about to go in someone shouted, "Elsie, is that you?"

"Yes, mother, it is I," answered Elsie.

I now know that the girl's name is Elsie. I have a feeling I am going to enjoy my new home. I hope that my feeling comes true.

Bernadette Harold, 9-8.

## HELEN SAVES THE DAY

Helen Young was all alone. Her parents had gone to the Smith's for dinner. Jack, her brother, had gone off on a camping trip. This was the cook's night off, but she had prepared Helen's supper and left it on the table near Helen's bed.

Helen had been in an accident a few weeks before and was left crippled with her foot in a cast. She could not walk and that was the reason she was in bed.

After she had eaten, Helen decided to read out of her favorite book, "Little Women." She became interested in the story and read continuously for over an hour. Glancing at her watch, she saw that it was nine-thirty, so she decided to sleep.

She thought that she smelled smoke. Turning her head, she could see flames in the kitchen. What should she do? Would she have to burn? Maybe somebody would see the flames and come in. Just then Helen looked out the window. There she saw a man coming down the street. She took a piece of paper and a pencil. On the paper she wrote, "Notify the fire department. House on fire. I'm alone. I'm lame and can't walk. Please hurry!" She put the paper in the book that she had been reading and hurled it out of the open window. The man saw it fall and picked it up. The slip of paper dropped out and he read it. He ran to the fire alarm box where he put in an alarm.

Then Helen remembered something. Her father, Professor of Science in the nearby University, had written a speech for a banquet at which he was to be the guest of honor. The papers on which the speech was written were in the bookcase in her room. How could she get those papers? She knew that it had taken her father two weeks to write it and tomorrow was the day of the banquet. Then she realized that by putting her hand against the wall she could move her bed. Thus she moved over to the bookcase and took the paper.

During this time the flames had been coming closer and closer to her bed. The smoke was choking her. Then she heard the fire engines coming. They stopped in front of the house and some firemen came in. Two

of them carried Helen out and that was all she could remember because she was overcome by the fumes.

When she woke, Helen saw her mother standing over her with anxious eyes.

"What happened?" Where am I?" she asked her mother.

"Don't try to talk, dear. You're in Mrs. Smith's house. The man who put in the alarm for you was Mrs. Smith's son, Ralph. As you know, he notified the fire department. The kitchen and your room were the only rooms burned; but they aren't badly damaged. Ralph brought you over here," her mother answered.

Helen was sick for the next few days and remained at the Smith's. When she returned home, her room was all fixed up.

When Jack came home, he was told the story of the fire and he said, "Gosh, girls always have all the luck If I'd been home, I'd have saved you'n' dad's speech 'n' I'd have been a hero!"

"Well, that means that I'm a heroine," said Helen laughing.

Ethel Tolchinsky, 7-1.

## ONE HORRIBLE NIGHT

"I would be out of gas now, when this blizzard is coming up," grumbled Nan as her car stopped in the middle of a country road.

Nan Parker was going to visit her grandmother in Rockville. The wind was blowing hard, and a rainy snow was starting to fall. Nan got out of her car to see if she could see any house in sight.

"Not a house in sight," she noted. "Oh, yes, there is one out in the distance."

This gave Nan new hope. She began walking in the direction of the light. She walked and walked while the snow and rain beat on her back. The more she walked the farther away it looked. Nan was exhausted. She had lost her hat and her hair was streaming down her face. Her hands were so cold they were getting blue. Nan looked up to see if she was any nearer and she saw she had a few feet to go.

"If I could only make it," she groaned as her legs were about to go under her. She made it; her hand was on the knob of the door; she twisted it and felt it opening. She could not hold her balance and down she went, half inside the house, half outside. She tried to speak but she was too weak. All she saw was that the room was getting blacker and blacker.

When she came to her senses, she found herself on a hard wooden bed with a thin blanket over her. She looked around the room. The walls were bare, except for a small cracked mirror hanging on a rusty nail, one chair, and very dirty curtains. She heard footsteps and she turned her head toward the door.

"Who is it?" she wondered, "A woman or a man? Suppose they are criminals? No," she said to herself. She would not let her imagination run wild. The door slowly opened. Who was behind it? It was a rough looking man.

"Well, well, and how does the pretty young lady feel now after her nap?" inquired the man, trying to sound gentle, but not succeeding. On his face was a rough beard showing he had not shaved for two or three days. Under his bushy eyebrows his eyes were blue and they had a cruel look. They reminded Nan of a tiger who was about to spring on his prey. Nan answered meekly that she was feeling a little better.

"May I inquire who you are and what you were doing walking in that rain and snow?" the man asked gruffly. Nan answered his questions as she got up from the wooden bed. She was frightened for when he looked at her, cold chills went up and down her spine.

Nan asked, "Who are you?"

"John Grey. People say that I am crazy," and he gave a low laugh, "but you do not think so, do you?" he asked coming closer to her.

"I—I—I," began Nan not knowing what to say.

"Say 'no'," cried the man, "or else—."

Nan obliged and moved toward the door.

"That's better. No, you are not going to go away. I have not had a visitor for three years. I did not expect to have a pretty girl like you."

Nan sat down in the only chair in the room, for she did not think she could stand

up any longer. Her knees were knocking together like hammers.

"I suppose you are hungry?" he asked looking at her queerly.

She answered that she would like to have something.

"Well, stay here, and I will be up in a minute. Don't try to run away because I haven't had a visitor for a long time and I want to try a new experiment on you."

Saying this he went out, locking the door behind him. Nan could hear him laughing that awful laugh she had learned to hate. She got up and looked out of the window. She was on the second story and it was still snowing.

"I am a prisoner of a crazy man. What am I going to do?" she murmured. "I must plan how I can escape." She soon heard his footsteps down the hall. He came in locking the door after him.

"That is all you are going to get," he said as she looked into the almost empty tray that held two slices of stale bread and a glass of dirty water.

"Never mind I can go without it," she murmured as she looked at the water. She would rather starve than eat the bread or drink the water.

"You eat that and like it," he commanded picking it up as if to force it down her throat.

"All right, but at least you can give me some clean water," said Nan looking at him.

"O. K., seeing that this is your last day to live, I'll give you what you want," he began chuckling to himself as he picked up the glass and went out of the room.

"My last day to live?" The sentence kept going on and on in her mind. What did he mean? Was he going to kill her? Oh, why hadn't she stayed in town? "My last day to live, my last day to live—" the words came in a mocking voice, making her feel very sick inside. When he came back he had a long piece of rope and two dirty handkerchiefs in his hands.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nan jumping up from her seat.

"Just tie you up for a while and then you will see what will happen." He forced her into the chair and started to bind her. He gagged her and blindfolded her. He was breathing hard and Nan could feel his breath near her cheek. She began to realize that he wasn't used to hard work and he would get tired soon so she began turning and twisting so that he had a hard time keeping up with her. His breath was coming in short gasps.

"He's getting weaker and weaker," thought Nan. At last he couldn't tie her hands any more and fell to the floor out of breath. He soon fainted. Nan freed her legs soon and her mouth and her eyes. What would she do now? It was quite far to Rockville to run for help, but she didn't care so long as she could get away from this awful house. She saw the rope at her feet and decided to tie him up so he wouldn't run away before she returned with help. She tid his hands and legs and left. Down the flight of stairs she went as they groaned and creeked. She reached the door and looked out. It was quite dark, but she saw about five men coming toward her. Were they friends of the crazy man? She quickly looked around to see if she could hide. She saw a large bush so she ran for safety behind it. The men came nearer, talking in whispers, so she couldn't hear what they were saying. They were getting nearer now so she peeked out to look at them. To her surprise she saw it was her friend, Officer McLarry, and a few other policemen she knew. She jumped out at them in her surprise. The policemen turned around and faced her, one of them saying, "Don't move now, Grey, or we'll shoot."

Nan laughed and said not to shoot for she wasn't Grey. The men closed about her asking for an explanation. She told them what happened. They said they saw a car out in the street about two miles away, but they didn't know whose it was. They had been looking for John Grey, a crazy man, who escaped from the asylum and they had been told that he was hiding in the old house. The men went up and got him. Nan was sent to her grandmother's to take two weeks' vacation instead of just a week-end.

Mabel DiTullio, 8-3.

*PAINTED IRON NOVELTY CLUB*
*CLASS OF 9 - 4*

*CLASS OF 9 - 3*
*JUNIOR GIRLS' CLUB*

## A GOOD TRICK

The big plane taxied across the field and with a roar of its motors the great silver body rose majestically into the air. In the pilot's seat sat Jimmy Brown. This was to be a special trip and the head of the flying department had told Jimmy to be careful and not to run any unnecessary risks because among the passengers were the multi-millionaire, Mr. John H. Blakefield, and his secretary.

Marie Wilson, the stewardess, walked into the control room. "We're running into stormy weather, are the passengers all right?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, the plane felt a little jumpy and I heard the thunder, so I told them to fasten their safety belts," answered Marie. "How long do you think it will be before we get out of this area?"

"Oh, I should say in a couple of hours, maybe, three," answered Jim. "Say, by the way, who are those men who got on just before we took off? They seemed in an awful hurry and kept looking around, as if someone were chasing them."

"Oh, just a couple of salesmen who are in a hurry, I suppose. Gee, but you're awful jumpy tonight. That thunder is loud. I'd better see if the passengers are all right."

Marie went out and Jimmy turned on the radio. The news flashes were just on when "Calling all stations. Calling all stations, keep watch out for two armed bandits. Tried to charter plane this afternoon. Last seen at Carter's Field. Keep close watch. Calling all stations."

Jimmy shut it off and whistled softly to himself. He had better have a look at those two men; no use taking any chances with the passengers and the mail. He flashed the signal for Marie and when she came in he said, "Marie, will you take the wheel for me

*Continued on page 40*

# CLASS WILL

Know all men by these presents that we, the 1937 Class of the Quincy Point Junior High School of Quincy, in the County of Norfolk, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of America, being of sound minds and sound bodies, and realizing the dangers, uncertainties, and pitfalls of life, do hereby make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all previous wills and codicils.

We leave to:

Miss Steinbrenner: An extension phone so that she may conduct "Pointer" business without descending and ascending two flights of stairs.

Miss Walton: A pair of eye protectors to wear in next year's faculty basketball game. (Black and blue do not become her.)

Miss Leighton: A spray gun so that her car "Tommy" may always look bright.

Mr. Poland: An apiary for his — bees (bet you thought we'd say students), so they won't gather honey from neighbors' gardens.

Miss Russell: A class that knows all the answers.

Miss Weeden: A new set of Math books so that all her students may have the same page in the same book at the same time.

Mr. Terry: A tablet for the new records which we hope his track team will establish.

Miss Manchester: Another Editor-in-Chief as efficient as the one she had this year.

Miss Mahoney: A visible threshold so that her "Never cross my threshold again" will have some force.

Mr. Evans: A gadget to clean his desk daily at 2.30.

Miss Arnold: A set of non-disappearing rulers.

Miss Bearman: A broadened technique for her new 7th and 8th grade classes next fall.

Mrs. Forsythe: An automatic signal so she may remain in her room between classes.

Mr. Meaney: A real whiffle hair-cut.

Miss Haley: A gallon of mayonnaise so she will learn to like it. Or is that girlish figure the reason?

Miss Tower: A cracked-nut and creamed cheese sandwich with plenty of creamed cheese, but no cracked nuts.

Miss Moles: A book of coiffures so she may make up her mind.

Miss Titcomb: A new set of golf sticks with at least one round of sub-par golf in them.

Mrs. Treco: A time switch to turn off the corridor lights.

Miss Scripter: A class with even train tracks.

Mr. Farrell: A camera bell which will ring to prevent two pictures being snapped on one exposure of the film.

Miss Birge: A monoplane so she may be transported as rapidly as possible to the Cape.

Miss Blakney: A well heated room so she will not have to use her coat.

Miss Allbright: A tube of shoe whitening for her new sport shoes (to be used after dancing with ninth grade boy beginners).

Miss Foy: A sample can of Sanovan to eliminate those appetizing and disconcerting (?) odors emanating from the cooking room so the pupils can better concentrate on their studies.

Mrs. Bergquist: A few furrows for her unwrinkled brow so that the ninth graders won't mistake her for a classmate.

Mrs. Berthold: A perfectly blended string, brass, and woodwind ensemble which she may lead to the fame of which she is so deserving.

Mr. Bowyer: More future champions in the realm of sports so he won't erase that cheery smile, plus one gross of unbreakable bats.

Mr. Prario: A knight's vizor with a detachable periscope to shield his glasses in faculty basketball games (although lack of glasses didn't dim his shooting eye).

Miss Cole: Nothing — she's the berries! Always cheerful, polite, obliging and courteous. (Signed) Class of 1937.

Witnes es: Saymore Tellal, The Shado , L'il Abner

# PROPHECY FOR THE YEAR OF '37

"For six years we have toured darkest Africa and have never found John Fyffe and Arthur Dolan. All we know is that they cracked up somewhere in the Sahara Desert. Can't we go home now?" I asked pleadingly, after an exhausting day of futile searching.

"I guess we'd better," answered my explorer friend, George King. "But we'll never know what happened to them," he sighed.

This little conversation took place six months ago, and we have since sailed back to America. Incidentally, we later learned that the aviators were saved by a band of Nomads. We traveled home on that luxurious streamlined ship, "S. S. Jones," owned and operated by none other than our old school chum, Warren. With him was his pet dog, descendant of Duchy. Beverley Sinclair, star of stage and screen, was among the passengers.

We landed at that famous Texas seaport, Galveston. As we went down the gangplank we noticed several celebrities. The first one was Edward Buckley, the world's champion heavyweight boxer. Next came those two famous Shakespearean players, Ruth Stanley and Walter Latham. Arrived at the station we were surprised to see that Joe Liva was the ticket agent. Once aboard the train, William Boyd, the conductor, made us comfortable and informed us that Dorothy Hanson and Mildred Clare were in the next car; also, that Mary Corcoran and John Kilrain are running a restaurant called "Eat it Up." We learned, too, that Marie Buzzi is a Latin teacher in a New York high school. As we rode, we saw posters that read "Mary Banks for Mayor" and "Ebba Pearson for Governor's Council."

Pulling into the next station, we saw Milton Levine, and heard him calling, "Taxi, taxi!" As soon as Milton saw us he rushed over to tell us that Albert Clifford has become principal at the Quincy Point Junior High School. Patricia Forsythe and Yolanda Di Nardo are teachers there.

As the train rumbled out of the station we passed a large office building with several windows labeled "Elizabeth Graff and Julia Hajjar, Attorneys-at-Law."

At the next station we saw Madeline George and Rosemary Cippola, mannequins, walking down the street. As the train pulled out we waved goodbye to them. It is doubtful if we ever see them again, as they are going to Paris to model the gowns of the great fashion creators.

Finally we arrived at Tampa, Florida, and decided to take a plane to Charleston, South Carolina. The stewardess in our plane was none other than Doris Dwyer. Imagine my surprise to find that James Haslett was our pilot!

I am used to airplane travel in these days when everybody travels by plane, so to pass the time I looked over a magazine I had brought with me. Lo and behold, there was a picture in it of Domenic Di Stefanis holding his accordian! I showed the picture to George who, in his turn, called my attention to a newspaper article he was reading about William Cohen, the famous surgeon. William had just performed a very difficult and successful operation. Betty Francer was his assistant.

In the same issue was the announcement of Marion Norling's coming marriage to William Bavin. Robert Petzoldt and Doris O'Connell are to be best man and bridesmaid. An advertisement told us that Leon Berger and his band are playing at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, which is now owned by John Christensen and David Jack.

I was happy to learn, at this point, that Russell Patten was a fellow passenger. He informed us that Gloria Barry is a cashier at a restaurant in Boston. Russell himself is a special investigator for Smoulder's Detective Agency. Eleanor Fanning, he said, is a clerk in a large hotel, while John Di Bella is a policeman, Albert Papile a public stenographer, and Andrew Hamill, a famous motorcycle daredevil.

At Charleston we called on Alfred Deveau, superintendent of a thriving cotton mill, and he took us for a tour of the quaint old city in his limousine. Soon we were skimming along the highway to the "Coffee Cup," where we stopped for lunch. This charming little inn is run by Florence and Delia Di Tullio.

Later we alighted at Arthur Della Barba's gas station and had a talk with him. According to Arthur, Carolyn Foye and Marion Colligan are touring the United States by plane, with Allan Corcoran as their pilot. Douglas Brown and Donald Ash are bellhops in a fashionable New York hotel. Mary Carosi, Catherine Fay, and Gloria De Loreto are private secretaries for three important business men. He further stated that Dolores and Dora Del Vecchio, Ida Di Tullio, and Betty Coates own a tea shop in Chicago. Dorothy Kennedy, Bambina Di Sciullo, and Frances Griffin are dancing waitresses at the Ritz Plaza and are under a long term contract to Helen Burke and Effie Cameron, theatrical booking agents. Pauline Fargo and Alice De Pesa are hostesses in a popular night club.

On the way to the Charleston Station to get a train we encountered Gertrude Greenberg and Rose Gabriel. They told us that Olga Di Christopher is a great pianist and is touring the principal cities of Europe. Josephine Antoon and Lena Cashook are secretaries, and Hattie Elder runs a small bank in Haverhill.

At the station we met Guy Perciballi, the well-known drum major. He, too, had news for us. George McGonnagle and Martin Donlan are in the circus. Francis McGowan is a cashier in a bank. Romeo Gramazio and Michael Panarel'i are foremen at the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, where Walter Salamone is a sheet metal worker. Harry Duxbury is a concert violinist these days. His concert tours are arranged by his private secretary, Augustino Pellucio.

At Wilmington, Delaware, we decided to take a bus and were pleased to find Henry Whalen driving.

Passing a new and very modern-looking building we saw William Kay, who seemed to be inspecting locks. Henry said that William is part owner of the building, which is the newest and tallest in Wilmington. Daniel Quinn and Wilfred Atran are construction engineers on a big dam. Salvatore Attardo is proprietor of a barber shop. Jackie Pettinelli and John Di Tullio are starring for the Red Sox, as was to be expected.

A poster in the bus showed Ernest Smith tinkering with a radio. Under the picture was printed, "Expert Radio Repairing."

Once during our trip we were held up by a fire. Among the desperate and anxious faces of the firemen we recognized Victor Di Tullio, Ennio Di Gravio, Arthur McLeod, Harry Dentremont, John Dorley, and George Mitchell. Stephen Papia, a reporter, was there, busily taking notes for his paper.

By the time George and I reached Philadelphia, we had had enough of bus travel, so we sought the railroad station once more. Paul Grant sold us our tickets, and as we boarded the train we were hailed by the conductor, James Guthrie.

The train rumbled, roared, and groaned. We were bound for New York. Through the car came a man with a bulging brief case under his arm. It was Thomas Hill, now buyer for Macy's, the biggest department store in New York. Macy's also employs Mary Hanabury and Catherine McCauley as fashion creators.

The morning air was very invigorating as we sat on the observation platform, gazing out over the countryside. We passed a farm where the cows were being milked. As the barn was made of scientific glass we could observe the farmer, who proved to be Robert Marr, a former half-back at Notre Dame.

Later on, a girl in a nurse's uniform and cape passed through our car. She turned out to be Mary Margiotti, who told us she was travelling with her patient in a private car. From Mary we learned that Naseema Hid and Edward Johnsen are playing in the "Folies Bergere," written and directed by Byrd Carmichael and Orris Amero. Doris Preston and Jennie Mollica have an art studio of their own. Margaret Maxwell is a soda fountain clerk; Charlotte Greene, Eleanor Lomanno, and Mary Richardi have their own gymnasium where they give exercises to stout women trying to reduce. William Glynn and Betty Johnsen are owners of a large carnival.

At last we arrived in New York, and the first thing we did, of course, was to buy a copy of the "Times" to look for more news of our classmates. Our recent presidential election had just taken place, and we were proud to find that the winner in the race

for the position of the country's leader is Dorothy MacLean, the first woman ever to be elected president of the United States. Thomas Caddy, as you know, is the vice-president. Marion Jellicoeur, the Secretary of War, is also a former Pointer, as are her assistants, Rosalyn Macedo and Reggi Mariano. Our "Times" also told us that Marjorie Pineau and Flora Latou are hostesses on Pan-American Airways planes. Barbara Malone, Mildred Lamb, Sadie Hanna, and Margaret Iacovelli are senators, while Marie La Mantia and Sadie Goldberg, we discovered, are congressional officials.

Thomas Kelly, famous columnist, took us about in New York. He said that Joseph and William La Favre have jobs in a circus. Frank Hall is with them as a barker. Katherine Smith has become the world's greatest marathon runner. Harold Langton, the millionaire, has married Loretta Prime, his childhood sweetheart.

While showing us the sights, Tom enlightened us about the activities of many of our classmates. Carmella Nash poses for toothpaste and complexion cream advertisements. Raymond Pecce, managed by Richard Gray and Frank Doyle, is being forced by the high commission of baseball, Judge John Turcotte, to choose between his two loves, boxing and baseball. Richard Sherburne writes lyrics for animated cartoons, the sketches for which are drawn by Theresa Igo, Josephine Panarelli, Rose Polliatti, Albert Hassan, and Leonare Kyle. Andrew Hamill and Andrew Hynes are daring news-reel photographers for Pathe. Elizabeth Todd and Gerald Rogers supply the continuity for their news-reel shots. Their clear and eloquent comments are perfectly recorded by sound experts James Mathieson and Richard Post. Angus MacLeod has replaced Fred Allen as radio's leading comedian. Yolanda Taddeo rivals Dorothy Sinclair as a woman governmental reporter. Isabelle Thiboutot, Rita Pompeo, and Mary Purpura are special police-women in New York.

Thomas took us to the biggest theater in New York, owned by Veijo Anderson, and managed by Carolyn Oldroyd and Marjorie Hawco. Constantine Kaumaris was being featured in "Under the Waves." Earl Lancy was playing a cowboy in a picture at another theater.

Emerging from the theatre, we met Evelyn Muir and Mary Maida. They told us that John Lane has finally purchased a plane of his own and that Mary Omar recently won a prize in a husband-calling contest. Honora Noonan and Anne Rasquin have been practicing parachute-jumping from John's plane, so they will be able to describe it perfectly in a book they are writing. Esther Saskas, Evelyn said, is an accomplished pianist, while Virginia Ross owns a tea room in Washington, D. C.

On our last day in New York we ran right into Eugene Pearlin.

"Why the rush?" I asked.

"I'm off to China to act as advisor to the Chinese Air Corps," was his reply. With Eugene was Mary McCue, who is an accomplished social service worker. Having some time on our hands, George and I decided to accompany them to the plane and bid Eugene bon voyage. Much to our surprise we met Louise Kalil and Mary St. John there, now air hostesses, like some others of our classmates.

"I'll surely have a pleasant trip with these two girls to drive the blues away," said Eugene.

After the plane had taken off we made our way back to the city. We were interested in the new suspension bridge being built over the Hudson River, so we drove out to it, only to find Dante Pasqualone and Clayton Sheppard bossing the job. It seems they are the co-designers of this marvelous feat of engineering.

Unfortunately, before we left the bridge, the sky darkened and it began to rain. A street car was handy, so we signaled it and rode back to the terminal to get our train to Boston. This was indeed our lucky day, for who should be on the car with us but Shirley Shulman! Upon inquiry we learned that she is now a teacher of mathematics. Other classmates of ours who are teaching are Phyllis Murray and Dorothy Smith, associate professors of English at a fashionable girl's college in Connecticut (so Shirley said), and Donald Ryder, professor of chemistry at Dartmouth. Dartmouth's pride, by the way, is its new library built from plans

drawn by Architect Richard Sprague.

Shirley accompanied us to our train and bade us a fond goodbye as we departed for Boston.

Upon our arrival in this familiar city we hurriedly ate our dinner and rushed to the Massachusetts General Hospital to see a friend who is recuperating from a serious operation. As we entered the Phillips House, we met the head nurse, Irma Wolf, talking to Dr. Bernadette Harrold. They were discussing a chemical experiment which is being conducted in the hospital laboratory under the direction of Fred Parker.

Irma informed us that Anna Mae Myatt is a well-established doctor, like Bernadette. She then led us to our friend's room, where some beautiful roses were being arranged by Marion Tropea, our friend's special nurse. She called our attention to a book which her patient was reading. It was written and illustrated by Anne Le Count.

Our conversation with our sick friend gradually drifted to the field of art. At this, she took from her pocketbook a small print of one of the newest masterpieces of Thomas Vincent. We recalled the great artistic ability manifested by Thomas in his youth.

We were interrupted by a nurse bringing the evening paper. In the headlines were featured the names of the army and navy fliers who have made the new record-breaking trip to Honolulu—Joseph Zaverson of the Army Air Corps and Cosimo Mineo of the Naval Air Corps. The airplanes, we read, took off from the deck of the new airplane carrier, U. S. S. Quincy, commanded by Peter Marchese.

Another article of interest told of the promotion of John Mahoney to the position of circulation manager for the very paper we were reading.

Soon Miss Tropea said that it was time for us to leave. On our way out we encountered John Scott, now chief accountant for the hospital.

As we left the hospital we were greeted by Dorothy Haesaert, who owns a small restaurant nearby. Ruth Johnsen works with her. Margaret Joly used to be there, too, but she has now become a wealthy society matron. Dorothy said that Pauline Principe and Louise Poulos have a beauty shop over on Charles Street. Ida Newell is an interior decorator, Carmela Salverio is an ace reporter for the "Boston American," while Theresa Haefner is chief operator in the Boston Telephone Exchange. Isabel Best, Myrtle Foster, and Marion Smith are operators at the Quincy Exchange, under the supervision of Leslie Kittredge.

Looking back over this unusually exciting trip, we remarked at the large number of classmates whom we had either met or heard about along the way. Quincy Point can be proud of such a successful group of former students.

"School wasn't so bad," we concluded, "and our school friends were certainly 'O. K'."

Edward Johnsen.

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List of students who co-operated in the writing of the class will and prophecy:

Dorothy MacLean, Doris Prescott, Jenny Mollica, Dorothy Smith, Carmella Nash, Theresa Haefner, Carmella Salverio.

Edward Johnsen, George King, Richard Gray, Donald Ash, Guy Perciballi, Albert Clifford, Warren Jones, William Cohen.

## BOY'S LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE

It is my belief that Lowell Thomas wrote this book to show the inside story of Arabia and its war with the Turks. Arabia, the land of the unknown, has little written about it except for many types of fiction stories. This book is not in any way fictious, but is based on facts gained by Lowell Thomas on his trip to Arabia and from his many interviews with Lawrence.

This story was written almost entirely about Lawrence and his activities. The author mentioned many of his Arab leaders, but as they did not appear in every chapter, I shall, for the most part, tell about Thomas Edward Lawrence or "Laurens" as he was called by his Arabs. He was also known as the "Uncrowned King of Arabia." He was a small man, about five feet three inches in height and weighed a little more than a hundred pounds. However, he was very wiry and agile, with muscles of steel. He was very intelligent and well educated, a quick thinker, and so fearless that many of the Arabs, twice his size, were afraid of him. He had been able to get along with the Arabs very nicely because he had acted like one of them. His knowledge of all of the old build-

ings was perhaps better than any one else who had been through Arabia as an archeologist.

This story was written at the time of war between the Arabs and the Turks. The Arabs were trying to overthrow the Turkish rule; but they couldn't seem to arouse a large enough number of Arabs to make an army. The Arabs were great rovers and never stayed in one place very long. Sheriff Hussien, a prominent Arab, was trying to stir up this rebellion and, with the help of his four sons, he seemed to be making some headway. They bought some rifles and ammunition and banded together some loyal Arabs. Then they attacked the Turks. It was at this point that Lawrence joined them. Lawrence soon saw that he would have to choose some one of the aged Hussien's sons to act as a leader, but one who would act on his commands. The fierce Arabs would fight much better if they thought one of their number were leading them He chose Fiesal, Hussien's oldest son for this purpose. Lawrence soon whipped the Arab army into as fine shape as he could with the material he had. He had a special group of courageous Bedouin warriors under his own personal command. These men were called his "sons" and they loved and served him faithfully. They won many victories and I shall tell about the battle that turned the tide of the whole war.

It took place in the Lost City, the city which Alexander-the-Great had tried in vain to capture. It was called the Lost City because it was so old its real name had been forgotten. All the buildings in this city were made of rose-red rock and were still in fairly good condition. The Arabs, under Lawrence, had captured Akaba, a strategic port, and the Turks realized that they must recapture this port or lose the war. The only usable approach to Akaba was through the Lost City by way of the Wady Ithm, one of the most dangerous passes in the world, because of its narrowness. Lawrence had only two mountain guns and two machine guns; but the Arabs, buoyed up by their success, fought like demons. Even the women took part in the battle and they were a formidable looking group. The first part of the battle was fought at the entrance to the gorge and the Arabs killed about sixty Turks with only a few casualties on their side. In spite of the hard battle put up by the Arabs, the Turks swarmed through to the cleft of the gorge which was the narrowest spot in the whole gorge. The whole force of the Turks was wedged in between the two walls of stone. The Arabs attacked from the rear and the women from the front. Most of the children rolled boulders over the cliff onto the heads of the Turks. The Turks were soon defeated and the Arabs captured valuable supplies.

I enjoyed this story very much as it was both interesting and educational. I enjoy reading stories of strange countries as I hope to visit them all some day as an officer in the United States Navy.

Warren K. Jones, 9-7.

## MR. CRONAN

Mr. Cronan's talk last November left me in possession of a great many things. It gave me a feeling of secret friendship with Mr. Cronan, because we both admire and love to read about "Lawrence of Arabia." Mr. Cronan, by his visit, increased the love in me for the kind of book that has Arabia and Asia as a locale.

By his dramatization, he left me with a feeling of humorous enjoyment; by his comments upon and opinions of the characters of the books and their authors, he left a serious side to my enjoyment. His comments and the little bits of information he imparted increased my knowledge of such places as Paris and Arabia which were used as a setting for some of the books he reviewed.

In interviewing Mr. Cronan in the library after school, I learned to appreciate the purpose he had in mind in choosing story-telling as a life's work. During our little chat, he explained to me how one must be careful in telling stories. In some cases one must repeat word for word the book he is telling about or else he destroys the feeling the author has built up. As an example, he gave Kipling with his vocabulary including "scruciating" and "scrumptious." In other cases, one may use one's own words and still preserve the author's feeling.

I was so fascinated by Mr. Cronan and his work that, if I had not already chosen my life's work at an earlier date, I should be tempted to follow story-telling as a career.

Walter Latham, 9-7.

BASEBALL TEAM

# SPORTS

## HIT-PIN BASEBALL

The championship Hit-Pin Baseball players this year belong to the classes of 8-3 and 8-4. The final game which decided who were the champions was played with the members of divisions 9-7 and 9-8. The score at the final whistle was 24 to 23 in favor of the eighth graders.

Mary St. John, 9-8.

## PING PONG

For the first time in the history of this school, ping pong or table tennis was introduced this year. A manager was elected from each grade to manage the division games. Keen competition was felt throughout the season.

Virginia Fair, 8-1.

## BASEBALL

Mr. Bowyer called out the candidates for the baseball team following our April vacation. The team will practice at Fore River and Munroe Fields. The schedule consists of two games with each Junior High, one at home and one abroad. Some of the candidates who have reported are: James Haslett, Jack Petinelli, Mike Barba, John Di Tullio, John Daly, Jake Kilrain, Ed Buckley, Warren Jones, Joe Liva, Walter Latham, and Sam Calabro.

The team will be fortunate in having new uniforms to wear this season.

John Turcotte, 9-8.

TRACK TEAM

## TRACK

For the first time in many years, Point is organizing a track team. There will be two meets. The first one will be with South Juniors on May nineteenth. The second will be a contest for all four Junior High Schools.

Edward T. Buckley, 9-7.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball for the girls this year was in full swing under the direction of Miss Allbright. The games and scores were:

9-4, 24 versus 9-7, 0 8-6, 14 versus 8-7, 0
9-3, 32 versus 9-1, 9 7-5, 10 versus 7-4, 10
8-1, 14 versus 8-5, 0 7-1, 26 versus 7-5, 18
7-7, 30 versus 7-2, 14

The champion ninth grade team, 9-2, played 7-1, the seventh grade champs, and won by a score of 10 to 6.

Virginia Fair, 8-1.

## THE FACULTY GAME

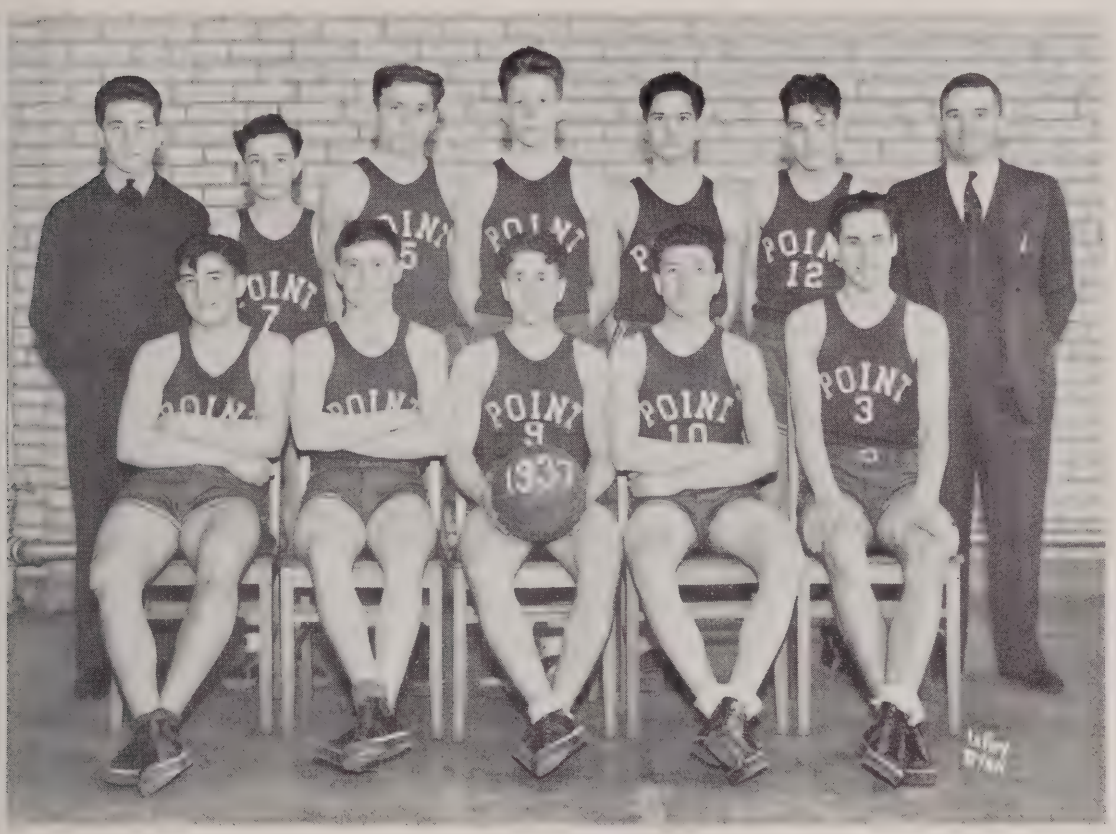
A large number of students witnessed on of the outstanding entertainments of th year at the faculty game. The wome teachers played the ninth grade girls an won by a score of 21 to 6. The first baske of the first half was scored by Miss Mole Then followed a series of exciting play which lasted until the first half was over.

The positions of the various players wer as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Miss Walton | R. F. | Pauline Princep |
| Miss Moles | L. F. | Effie Cameron |
| Miss Leighton | J. C. | Mary Magioty |
| Miss Cole | L. G. | Evelyn Muir |
| Miss Allbright | R. G. | Charlotte Green |
| Mrs. Berthold | S. C. | Eleanor Lomano |

Gwendolyn Wilbur and Betty Muir sub stituted for Miss Leighton and Mrs. Ber thold.

Virginia Fair, 8-1.




BASKETBALL TEAM

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

By John Turcotte, 9-8

### POINT vs. NORTH

Point Junior High opened the basketball season by defeating North 15 to 10 at the Quincy Point gym before a packed house. Under the direction of Coach Bill Bowyer, Point outplayed North all through the game. The score might have been much higher had not the playing of George Hawco of North been so skillful. Mike Barba was outstanding for Point, scoring four baskets.

Lineup:

| Point | | North |
|---|---|---|
| E. Pettinelli | R. F. | Hawco |
| J. Di Tullio | L. F. | Todd |
| R. Patton | C. | Darling |
| E. Buckley | R. G. | Underwood |
| M. Barba | L. G. | Porter |

### POINT vs. CENTRAL

Central defeated Point 15 to 10 in a fast and furious basketball game at Central Junior High Gym. Central out-played Point throughout the game, leading at the end of each period. Kenneth Morton starred for Central, caging two field goals and a foul shot for five points.

### POINT vs. SOUTH

Point defeated South in a close basketball game at the Point gym. The score was 15 to 11. Point piled up a 12 to 4 lead at the end of the first half and coasted to victory in the second half. South fought hard, but Point had too great a lead for them to overcome. Ed Pettinelli starred for Point, scoring four field goals for eight points.

### POINT vs. CENTRAL

Point defeated Central 23-9 at Point gym. Point showed its superior form over the Central boys by leading them throughout the game. Jackie Pettinelli and John Di Tullio scored ten points each for the Point team.

### POINT vs. NORTH

Point defeated North 11-6 at the North gym. Point showed that it was much stronger than the North players by holding them scoreless the first two periods. Mike Barba was outstanding for Point.

### PETTINELLI STARS AS POINT WINS

Captain Jackie Pettinelli led Point to victory over South to win the Quincy Junior High School basketball championship by a score of 19 to 16. The Red and Black seconds beat the Point B Team 16 to 10 to become the second team champs.

Hardly had the first whistle blown when Point got the first score of the day. Jap Pagnani and Babe Sansatini charged into Buckley, who sank the shot. Shortly afterward, Pagnani evened the score and followed it with a difficult corner shot. The Pagnani-Sansatini passes worked and Sansatini sent South into a 5-1 lead. Point came back when Barba got away from Nicholson and scored on a close-in shot. Then Sansatini took a pass from Pagnani and sank two more points for South just as the quarter bell rang.

Sansatini started the second quarter with a foul shot which made the score 8-3. At the end of the half the score stood 12-8, in South's favor. The third quarter showed little action, with both teams trying to keep possession of the ball. Score at the end of the quarter was 13-10.

Di Tullio then brought Point to within one point of South, but Sansatini made good on the second of two foul shots. Then Pettinelli sank a beautiful shot from a difficult angle to even the score at 14 all. With four minutes to play, Nicholson broke the tie with his only basket of the game. Pettinelli then made the score 16-15 with a one pointer and zipped in a nice shot to give Point the lead. At the very end of the game he let go an admirable shot to close the scoring at 19-16, with Point the victor.

The Point B Team found it impossible to get through a closely woven defense. They got only a solitary basket in each of the first three quarters, and in the final frame could hang up only two goals. The final score was 16-10.

John Farquhar, 8-4.

### MEN'S FACULTY GAME

The men's faculty team severely trounced a representative ninth grade team by a score of 22 to 9. The first basket for the game was scored by Mr. Bowyer. He shot a beautiful one hand "swisher" from the sideline.

That was only the beginning of the faculty's scoring plays. The line-up was as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Poland | R. G. | Thomas Vincent, Veigo Anderson |
| Mr. Meaney | L. G. | Arthur Della Barba |
| Mr. Evans | C. | John Scott |
| Mr. Bowyer | R. F. | Clayton Sheppard |
| Mr. Farrell | L. F. | John Turcotte |

Warren Jones, 9-7.

SOCCER TEAM

## SOCCER

For the ninth consecutive year, Mr. Farrell coached a championship soccer team. The team played two games with Central, defeating them 2 to 0 and 2 to 1.

The final game of the year was played against the Quincy High School Sophomores. After a hard fought battle, the game ended in a 1 to 1 tie.

Again the Point soccer team upheld the splendid record. Our school has not lost a game in ten years.

Edward Buckley, 9-7.

## SOME NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

Pyle—Men of Iron.
Best—Flag of the Desert.
Lindbergh—North to the Orient.
Malot—Adventures of Remi.
Malot—Adventures of Perrime.
Sewell—Black Beauty.
Hopper—Medals of Honor.
Buck—Burning Up the Sky.
Fleming—Talking Drums.
Malette—For Keeps.
Schmidt—Ranching on the Eagle Eye.
Montgomery—Carcajou.
Pease—Hurricane Weather.
Ross—Back of Time.

Shirley Shulman, 9-8.

NINTH GRA

# CLASS

Amero, Orris, 9-3, "Horace"

Junior Girls' Club, Basketball.

"The enduring elegance of female friendship."

Anderson, Veijo, 9-4, "Andy"

Dramatic Club, Ping Pong.

"Turn over a new leaf."

Antoon, Josephine E., "Jo"

Girls' Novelty Club.

"Make a virtue of necessity."

Ash, Donald, 9-2, "Ashie"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Orchestra, Class Basketball.

"The best of goods come in small parcels."

Attardo, Salvatore, 9-6, "Sally"

Hi-Y Club, Leaders' Club.

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair twixt south and south west side."

Atran, Wilfred, 9-6, "Bill"

Hi-Y, Ping Pong, Class Basketball.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Banks, Mary H., 9-7, "Jacky"

Novelty Club, Ping Pong.

"Little Latin and less Greek."

Barry, Gloria, 9-1

Painted Iron Novelty, Glee Club, Secretary 9-1, Basketball, Slug Ball, Ping Pong.

"Words are woman, deeds are men."

Bavin, William, 9-1, "Bill"

Science Club, Glee Club, Treasurer of Glee Club, Councilor at Large First Floor, Soccer, Ping Pong, Student Council, Basketball.

"Sad, sad to think the year is all but done."

Berger, Leon, 9-1, "Wally"

Hi-Y, Glee Club, Class Soccer.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do."

Best, Isabel, 9-5, "Izzy"

Stagecraft Club.

"It is clever, but is it art?"

Boyd, William, 9-7, "Billy"

Engrossing Club, Class Soccer, Ping Pong.

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Brown, Douglas, 9-2, "Dougie"

Engrossing Club, Soccer, Class Basketball.

"Genius does what it must, talent does what it can."

Buckley, Edward Thomas, Jr., 9-7, "Buck"

Journalism Club, Basketball, Football, Ping Pong, Soccer.

"Better late than never."

CLASS

# CENSUS

Burke, Helen, 9-2, "Red"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Basketball.
"All that glistens is not gold."

Buzzie, Marie, 9-7, "Buzz"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug, Hit Pin Baseball.
"The mirror of all courtesy."

Caddy, Thomas W., 9-4, "Clark Gable"

Hi-Y, Leaders' Club, Vice-President of Ninth Grade, Executive Committee.
"Though last, not least in love."

Cameron, Effie, 9-2

Girls' Athletic Club, Basketball, Traffic, Ping Pong, President of 9-2, Cheer Leader.
"They laugh that win."

Carmichael, Bird, 9-3, "Bunny"

Hi-Y, Traffic, Class Basketball.
"Books, the children of the brain."

Carroll, Edith, 9-5

Ninth Grade Novelty Club, President of 9-5, Club Treasurer.
"The sweeter sound of woman's praise."

Carosi, Mary Ann, 9-2

Girls' Novelty Club, Art Staff.
"Every artist was first an amateur."

Cashook, Lena, 9-2, "Lena Pry"

Journalism Club, Slug, Basketball, Traffic, Hit Pin Baseball.
"Always willing to learn."

Christensen, John, 9-1, "Chink"

Band, Orchestra, Glee Club, Student Council, Art and Cartoonist.
"Where there is music there can be no harm."

Cipolla, Rosemary, 9-7, "Rose"

Art and Cartoonists' Club, Basketball, Slug, Ping Pong.
"Life lives only in success."

Clare, Mildred, 9-7, "Daisy"

Novelty Club.
"Out of the jaws of death."

Clifford, Albert, 9-7, "Albie"

Science Club, President of the School, Glee Club, Student Council.
"I woke one morning and found myself famous."

Coates, Betty, 9-2, "Shrimp"

Traffic, Ping Pong, Junior Girls' Club.
"There is often a lot in a little box."

*ADE CLASS*

# CENSUS

Burke, Helen, 9-2, "Red"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Basketball.
"All that glistens is not gold."

Buzzie, Marie, 9-7, "Buzz"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug, Hit Pin Baseball.
"The mirror of all courtesy."

Caddy, Thomas W., 9-4, "Clark Gable"

Hi-Y, Leaders' Club, Vice-President of Ninth Grade, Executive Committee.
"Though last, not least in love."

Cameron, Effie, 9-2

Girls' Athletic Club, Basketball, Traffic, Ping Pong, President of 9-2, Cheer Leader.
"They laugh that win."

Carmichael, Bird, 9-3, "Bunny"

Hi-Y, Traffic, Class Basketball.
"Books, the children of the brain."

Carroll, Edith, 9-5

Ninth Grade Novelty Club, President of 9-5, Club Treasurer.
"The sweeter sound of woman's praise."

Carosi, Mary Ann, 9-2

Girls' Novelty Club, Art Staff.
"Every artist was first an amateur."

Cashook, Lena, 9-2, "Lena Pry"

Journalism Club, Slug, Basketball, Traffic, Hit Pin Baseball.
"Always willing to learn."

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Clifford, Albert, 9-7, "Albie"

Science Club, President of the School, Glee Club, Student Council.
"I woke one morning and found myself famous."

Coates, Betty, 9-2, "Shrimp"

Traffic, Ping Pong, Junior Girls' Club.
"There is often a lot in a little box."

Cohen, William J., 9-7, "Billy", "Slip"

Journalism Club, Editor-in-Chief of Pointer, School Basketball, Class Soccer, Football, Leaders' Club.

"Latin stay away from my door."

Colligan, Marion, 9-2

Dramatic Club, Secretary of 9-2, Traffic, Ping Pong.

"When found make a note of it."

Corcoran, Mary, 9-7, "Dolly", "Sis"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Glee Club, Ping Pong, Basketball.

"A woman's work is never done."

Corcoran, Allen, 9-2

Stagecraft Club, President of Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Vice-President of 9-2.

"I'll never give up till I am an actor."

Della Barba, Arthur, 9-2, "Arty"

Hi-Y, Glee Club, Manager of Basketball Team, Soccer, Ping Pong.

"Where are the Forty Thieves?"

Dentremont, Harry, 9-6, "Speed-ball", "Hot-ball"

Hi-Y.

"No one knows how much I want to grow."

Del Vecchio, Dora, 9-2, "Do-Do"

Knitting Club, Traffic.

"See sharp and be natural."

Del Vecchio, Delores Mary, 9-2, "Boots"

Knitting Club, Library Staff.

"The library fits my needs."

De Pesa, Alice R., 9-2, "Baby"

Athletic Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Traffic, Cheer Leader.

"Love and Beauty is a wonderful thing."

Deveau, Alfred, 9-2, "Longfellow"

Engrossing Club, Ping Pong.

"The less said about my poetry, the better."

De Stefanis, Domenic, 9-1, "Dom"

Engrossing Club, Glee Club, Basketball, Soccer.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Di Bella, John, 9-1, "Murray"

Engrossing Club, Basketball, Football.

"Many smalls make a great."

Di Christopher, Olga E., 9-2, "Springchicken"

String Ensemble, Library Staff, Traffic, Orchestra, Ping Pong, Basketball, Hit Pin Bseball, Slug.

"A woman's work is never done."

Di Gravio, Ennio, 9-6, "Blackie"

Student Council, Stagecraft Club, Orchestra, Band.

"Where there's music there can be no harm."

Di Loreto, Gloria C., 9-2

Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic, Art Staff, President of Club.

"Art is power."

Di Nardo, Yolanda, 9-7

Novelty Club, Vice-President of 9-7, Slug, Ping Pong, Basketball, Cafeteria Council.

"Wisdom is a wonderful thing."

Di Scuillo, Bambina P., 9-2, "Bunny"

Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Basketball, Ping Pong.

"He is noble who performs noble deeds'

Di Tullio, Delia, 9-2, "Dee Dee"

Art and Cartoonists' Club, Basketball, Traffic, Ping Pong.

"Single file, no talking."

Di Tullio, Florence, 9-2

Traffic, Basketball, Ping Pong, Executive Committee.

"Suit your manner to the man."

Di Tullio, Ida, 9-2, "Lefty"

Junior Girls' Club, Secretary of Club, Glee Club, Library Staff.

"Tell me what you read and I'll tell you what you are."

Di Tullio, John, 9-6, "Johnny"

Hi-Y, Touch Football, School Basketball.

"Survival of the fittest."

Di Tullio, Victor, 9-6, "Sam"

Engrossing, School Basketball, Football.

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Dolan, Arthur J., 9-7, "Red", "Rusty"

Science Club, Student Council, Soccer, Football.

"Today I am a man."

Doley, John, 9-6, "Bud"

Engrossing Club.

"Delay brings danger."

Donlan, Martin, 9-6, "Mello"

Hi-Y Club, Basketball.

"Many smalls make a great."

Doyle, Frank, 9-1, "Frankie"

Engrossing Club.

"Work first and then rest."

Duxbury, Harry, 9-6

String Ensemble, School Orchestra.

"The musician who always plays on the same string is laughed at."

Dwyer, Doris, 9-1, "Cupe"

Junior Girls' Club, Club President, "Scarecrow Creeps," Glee Club, Traffic.

"I bear a charmed life."

Elder, Hattie, 9-2

Junior Girls' Club.

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Fanning, Eleanor, 9-1, "Fanning"

Stagecraft Club, Traffic, Glee Club, Class Basketball.

"Aim high and hit the mark."

Fargo, Pauline, 9-2, "Polly"

Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic, Ping Pong.

"I have seen all but the ocean."

Fay, Catherine, 9-2, "Kay"

Engrossing Club, Cafeteria Council, Ping Pong.

"Step by step, one goes far."

Forsythe, Patricia, 9-7, "Patsy"

Reporters' Club, Vice-President of Glee Club, Treasurer of 9-7, Ping Pong, Basketball, Leaders' Club.

"A true friend's forever a friend."

Foster, Myrtle, 9-5

Athletic Club, Leaders' Club.

"Be just before you are generous."

Foye, Carolyn, "Carol"

Dramatic Club, Vice-President of Club, Basketball, Traffic, Ping Pong.

"Make yourself necessary to somebody."

Fyffe, John, 9-7, "Red"

Hi-Y Club, Art Staff, Ping Pong, Class Soccer and Football.

"While there is life, there's hope."

Francer, Elizabeth, 9-7, "Betty"

Reporters' Club, Sports Editor, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug Ball, Hit Pin Baseball.

"Oportunities do not wait."

Gabriel, Rose C.

Student Council, Secretary of Student Council, Traffic, Journalism Club, Slug, Basketball.

"Success has many a friend."

George, Madeline, 9-7, "Georgie"

Jounalism Club, Ping Pong, Basketball, Football.

"Woman is woman's ally."

Glynn, William, 9-3

Stagecraft.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Goldberg, Sadie, 9-3

Knitting and Crocheting Club, Basketball.

"A noble deed never dies."

Graff, Elizebeth, 9-7, "Bess"

Reporters' Club, Library Staff, Basketball, Ping Pong.

"Great souls suffer in silence."

Grant, Paul, 9-3, "Grunt"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Orchestra, Band, Basketball, Vice-President of 9-3.

"Music is well said to be the language of the angels."

Gray, Richard, 9-1, "Dick", "Richie"

Hi-Y, Class Basketball, Soccer, Football, Cafeteria Council.

"Homework isn't much to me."

Gramazio, Romeo, 9-6, "Shorty"

Hi-Y Club, President of 9-3, Soccer, Basketball, Ping Pong.

"He who sings frightens away his ills."

Greenburg, Gertrude Lillian, 9-2, "G. L. G.", "Gittie"

Journalism Club, Ping Pong, Slug.

"I work with patience, which is almost power."

Greene, Charlotte, 9-3

Novelty Club, Captain of School Basketball, Slug.

"Hold the fort! I am coming."

Griffin, Francis Veronica, 9-2, "Flash"

Stagecraft Club.

"How well I feathered my nest."

Guthrie, James, 9-3, "Professor"

Dramatic Club, Class Basketball.

"The truth is always the strongest argument."

Haefner, Theresa, 9-5, "Queenie"

Novelty Club, Class Executive.

"I bear a charmed life."

Haesaert, Dorothy, 9-5, "Dot"

Novelty Club.

"Be patient toward all men."

Hajjar, Julia, 9-7, "Julie"

Journalism Club, Secretary of Club, Secretary of 9-7, Library Staff, Ping Pong, Basketball, Slug.

"Judge not a book by its cover."

Hall, Frank, 9-4, "Pytlak"

Debating Club, Vice-President of Club, Glee Club.

"I must carefully consider before deciding."

Hamill, Andrew, 9-1, "Scotty"

Engrossing Club.

"If you don't aim high, you won't hit high."

Hanabury, Mary, 9-3, "Peaches"

Painted Iron Novelty, Basketball, Ping Pong, Secretary of Club.

"She's sweet and wise."

Hanson, Dorothy, 9-7, "Dot"

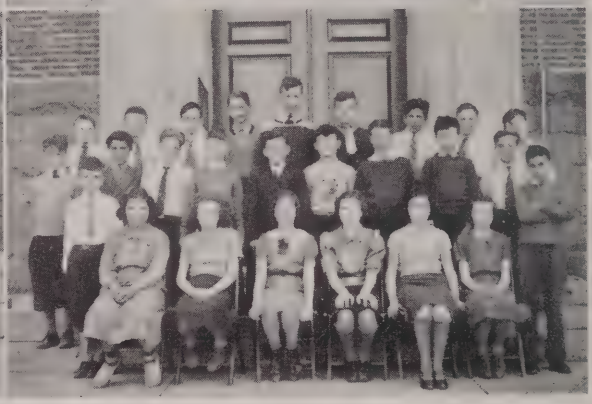
Journalism Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Cafeteria Council.

"As innocent as a new laid egg."

Hanna, Sadie, 9-3, "Sahara"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Traffic.

"Fairer than trees."



**REPORTERS' CLUB**
**SEVENTH GRADE SCRAPBOOK CLUB**

**LIBRARY CLUB**
**SHADOWGRAPH CLUB**

Harrold, Bernadette M., 9-8, "Bernie"

Journalism Club, Basketball.
"Think of ease, but work on."

Haslett, James, 9-1, "Jim"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Glee Club, Class Basketball, Football, School Soccer, Art Staff.
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Hassan, Albert, "Al"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Art Staff.
"Art and knowledge bring bread and honor."

Hawco, Marjorie, 9-4, "Midget"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball.
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Hid, Naseema, 9-3, "Nancy"

Stagecraft Club, Traffic.
"Keep to the right and you will never be left."

Hill, Thomas, 9-3

Student Council, Leaders' Club.
"Better death than dishonor."

Hynes, Andrew, 9-1, "Andy Gump"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Basketball.
"Humor is the voice of life."

Iacoviello, Margaret, 9-3, "Peggy"

Novelty Club, Basketball.
"A true book is an inspiration."

Igo, Theresa, 9-8, "Trixie"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Treasurer of Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Cafeteria Council.
"Make friends of the wise."

Jack, David, 9-1, "Davey"

Art and Cartoonist Club, Orchestra, Band.
"Music is the poetry of the air."

Kalil, Louise, 9-8, "Louis"

Dramatic Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"Faster going down please."

Johnson, Edward, 9-3, "Too-ba"

String Ensemble, Orchestra, Treasurer of 9-3.
"Clothes make the man."

Johnsen, Elanor Ruth, 9-5, "Teddy"

Novelty Club, Basketball.
"A kind face is a beautiful face."

Johnson, Elizebeth, 9-3, "Betty"

Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug, Ping Pong.
"The ripest fruit falls first."

Jolicoeur, Marian, 9-3, "Red"

Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug.
"A question asked is an answer gained."

Joly, Margaret, 9-5, "Jerry"

Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Basketball
"What loud uproar bursts from that door."

Jones, Warren K., 9-7, "Red"

Student Council, Councilor of 2nd Floor, Cafeteria Council, President of Cafeteria Council, Orchestra, Ensemble Club, Executive Committee, Class Sports.
"Love me, love my dog."

Kaumaris, Constantine, 9-4, "Connie", "Red"

Hi-Y Club, Secretary of Club, President of 9-4, Class Basketball.
"May you live all the days of your life."

Kay, William, 9-6, "Bill"

Hi-Y Club.
"Always happy, never sad."

Kelly, Thomas, 9-4, "Alawishes"

Hi-Y Club, Leaders' Club.
"Fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives."

Kennedy, Dorothy, 9-2, "Dot"

String Ensemble, Orchestra, Traffic.
"'Tis well to be merry."

Kilrain, John, 9-7, "Jake"

Hi-Y Club, Ping Pong, Basketball, Football.
"It is an ancient mariner."

King, George

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Orchestra.
"The musician that plays on the same string is laughed at."

Kittredge, Leslie, 9-1, "Let"

Hi-Y, Art Staff, Glee Club, Library Staff, Football.
"Bravery never goes out of style."

Kyle, Leonard, 9-1, "Red"

Art Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"I don't see it."

La Favre, Joseph, 9-4, "Joe"

Hi-Y Club, Ping Pong.
"Man wants but little, nor that little long."

La-Favre, William, 9-4, "La La"

Hi-Y Club.
"Laugh and be well."

La Mantia, Marie, 9-3, "Toots"

Novelty Club, Basketball.
"He laughs best who laughs last."

Lamb, Mildred, 9-3

Novelty Club.
"What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."

Lancy, Earl, 9-4, "Bud"

Dramatic Club.
"Remorse is knowledge awake."

Lane, John, 9-4, "Laney"

Hi-Y Club, Basketball.
"I will laugh like a hyena."

Langton, Harold, 9-4, "Limey"

Basketball, Hi-Y.
"Don't put all your eggs in one basket."

Latham, Walter, 9-7, "Wally"

Reporters' Club, Editor-in-Chief of Reporters' Club, President of 9-7, Leaders' Club.
"His powers betray the author."

Latou, Flora, 9-3

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball.
"She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer."

Le Count, Anna, 9-8, "Ann"

Art Club, Class Basketball, Slug, Ping Pong, Hit Pin Baseball.
"All nature is but art."

Levine, Milton, 9-7, "Speed"

Reporters' Club.
"His hands will some day lead an orchestra."

Liva, Joseph, 9-7, "Joe"

Hi-Y Club, School Soccer, Class Football, Ping Pong.
"The well of true wit is truth itself."

Lomanno, Eleanor, 9-3, "Lemons"

Leaders' Club, Basketball, Slug, Ping Pong.
"A penny saved is a penny earned."

Macedo, Rosalyn, 9-3, "Frenchie"

Stagecraft Club, Basketball, Ping Pong.
"The play's the thing."

MacLean, Dorothy, 9-3, "Mac", "Wally"

Dramatic Club, Leaders' Club, Ninth Grade President, Secretary of Leaders' Club, Cafeteria Council, Cafeteria, Secretary of 9-3.
"Her popularity needs no introduction."

MacLeod, Angus, 9-8, "Skipper"

Engrossing Club.
" Exceptions prove the rule."

Macmillan, George, 9-6, "King"

Football, Hi-Y, Glee Club, Leaders' Club, Vice-President of Leaders' Club.
"We think as we do mainly because other people do."

ATHLETIC CLUB
DEBATING CLUB

NINTH GRADE NOVELTY CLUB
ART AND CARTOONIST CLUB

Mahoney, John, 9-8, "Lefty"

Hi-Y Club, School Basketball.

"Without danger, the game grows cold."

Maida, Mary, 9-4

Debating Club, Class Play.

"Knowledge is power."

Malone, Barbara, 9-3, "Bab"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong.

"I have not slept one wink."

Margioti, Mary, 9-3, "Margie"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Glee Club, Basketball.

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

Mariano, Reggi, 9-3, "Reggie"

Novelty Club.

"'Tis neither here nor there."

Marchese, Peter, 9-8, "Pete"

Cartoonist Club.

"I am tied to the stake; I must stand the course."

Marr, Robert, 9-3, "Bob"

Dramatic Club.

"He gets through too late who goes too fast."

Maithieson, Anthony James, 9-1

Engrossing Club, Class Basketball.

"What now, if the sky were to fall?"

Maxwell, Ellis Maraget, 9-3, "Peggy"

Engrossing Club, Library Staff, Traffic.

"A short saying oft contains much wisdom."

McCue, Mary, 9-8, "Mac"

Novelty Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug.

"Make not a mountain of a mole hill."

McGowan, Francis, 9-6, "Silencer"

Debating Club, Football.

"Silence is golden."

McGunagle, George, 9-6, "Mac"

Hi-Y.

"Did you ever have the measles; if so, how many?"

McLeod, Arthur, 9-6, "Looney"

Hi-Y Club.
"A penny for your thoughts."

Mineo, Cosimo, 9-8, "Sam"

Art and Cartoonists, Class Basketball, Football.
"I won't quarrel with my bread and butter."

Mitchell, George, 9-6, "Mitchie"

Hi-Y, Orchestra, Band, Glee Club, Soccer, Football, Ping Pong.
"Of all noises I think music least disagreeable."

Mollica, Jennie, 9-3, "Mable"

Stagecraft Club, Art Staff, Secretary of Club.
"Women wear the breeches."

Murray, Phyllis, 9-8, "Phil"

Reporters' Club, Basketball, Slug, Ping Pong, Hit Pin Baseball, Treasurer of Club.
"Respect the faculty that forms thy judgment."

Myatt, Anne Marie, 9-8, "Anna Mae"

Novelty Club, Secretary of Club.
"She is of a free and open nature."

Nash, Carmella, 9-4

Novelty Club.
"Success is man's god."

Newell, Ida, 9-5, "Little Ida"

Novelty Club, Basketball, Treasurer of 9-5.
"Patience is a remedy for every sorrow."

Noonan, Honora, 9-4

Junior Girls' Club, Traffic.
"You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot."

Norling, Marion, 9-4, "Pepper"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Vice-President of Club, Glee Club, President of Glee Club, Secretary of 9-4, Basketball, Slug.
"He who has plenty of pepper will pepper his cabbage."

O'Connell, Doris, 9-1, "Dot"

Junior Girls' Club, Basketball.
"Ambition has no rest"

Oldroyd, Carolyn, 9-4, "Cal"

Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Omar, Mary, 9-4, "Eggy"

Student Council, Stagecraft Club, Class Basketball.
"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Packard, Anthony, 9-8, "Packard"

Hi-Y Club, Executive Committee, Basketball, Soccer, Football.
"Thou art long and lank."

Panarelli, Josephine, 9-4, "Jo"

Leaders' Club.
"A book that remains shut is but a block."

Panarelli, Michael, 9-6, "Mike"

Debating Club, President of Club, Leaders' Club.
"I'll get me some stilts."

Papia, Stephen, "Steve"

Debating Club, Glee Club.
"This is the point of my argument."

Papile, Albert, 9-1, "Rah"

Engrossing Club, Basketball, Soccer, Football.
"Wisdom is no better than rubies."

Parker, Fred, 9-8, "Freddy"

Debating Club, Christmas play, Cafeteria Council, Traffic, Secretary of Debating Club, Class Basketball.
"Sir, I would rather be right than President."

Pasqualone, Dane, 9-8, "Chan"

Reporters' Club, Ass't Editor-in-Chief of Club, Art Staff, President of 9-8, School Basketball, Class Soccer, Football.
"Every Artist was first an amateur."

Patten, Russell, 9-1, "Russ"

Engrossing Club, School Soccer and Basketball, President of 9-1, Treasurer of Glee Club, Football.
"His gaunt frame is worn with toil."

Pearlin, Eugene, 9-8, "Loop"

Stagecraft Club, Christmas Play, "Scarecrow Creeps."
"I will fly amid the clouds."

Pearson, Ebba, 9-7, "Ebb"

Junior Girls' Club, Ping Pong, Library Staff.
"Be careful of what you read."

Pecce, Raymond, 9-1, "Ray"

Engrossing Club, President of Club, School Soccer, Basketball, Football.
"A hard beginning makes a good ending."

Pellucio, Augustino, 9-6, "Gus"

Debating Club, Basketball.
"It is better to wear out than rust out."

Perciballi, Guy, 9-6, "Brother Hard"

Ensemble Club, Orchestra, Basketball, Football, Ping Pong.
"Music is the universal language of mankind."

Pettinelli, Edward, 9-6, "Lub"

Hi-Y Club, President of Club, Leaders' Club, President of Club, School Basketball, Football.
"Survival of the fittest."

Petzoldt, Robert, 9-1, "Bob"

Glee Club, Dramatic Club, President of Club, Class Basketball, Soccer.
"'Tis well to be merry."

**9 - 7 VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR**
**CLASS OF 9 - 2**

**CLASS OF 9 - 6**
**CLASS OF 9 - 8**

Pineau, Marjorie, 9-3, "Jackie"

Stagecraft Club, Basketball, Ping Pong.

"Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy."

Poliatti, Rose Marie, 9-4, "Rosie"

Junior Girls' Club.

"A girl, light-hearted and content."

Pompeo, Rita, 9-4

Novelty Club, Basketball.

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

Porter, Lauriston, 9-4, "Laurie"

Hi-Y Club, Basketball.

"Hold the fort! I am coming."

Post, Richard, 9-1, "Dinky"

Stagecraft Club, Library Staff.

"Don't trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you."

Poulas, Louise, 9-5

Art Club.

"Oh, sleep! Where art thou,"

Preston, Doris, 9-3, "Dot"

Novelty Club, Treasurer of Club, President of 9-3, Cafeteria

"She is the very pink of perfection."

Prime, Loretta, 9-4

Painted Iron Novelty Club.

"A little help does a great deal."

Principe, Pauline, 9-5, "Polly"

Athletic Club, Leaders' Club, Ping Pong.

"I still have other fish to fry."

Purpura, Mary, 9-4, "Tootsie"

Junior Girls' Club.

"Nothing without labor."

Quinn, Daniel, 9-6, "Quinny"

Hi-Y Club, Secretary of Cafeteria, Class Representative.

"Buy the truth, sell it not."

Rasquin, Ann, 9-4, "Tiny"

Leaders' Club, Traffic, Basketball.

"Opportunities do not wait."

Richardi, Mary, 9-3, "May"
Engrossing Club, Basketball.
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Rogers, Gerald, 9-1, "Jerry"
Art and Cartoonist Club, Class Football and Soccer.
"It's clever but is it art?"

Ross, Virginia, 9-4, "Ginnie"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball.
"Not lost, but gone before."

Rowell, Edith, 9-8, "Matilda"
Journalism Club, Basketball, Library Staff, Hit Pin Baseball, Cafeteria.
"The library fits my needs."

Ryder, Donald, 9-8, "Don"
Hi-Y Club, Orchestra and Band.
"Toil is the sire of fame."

Salamone, Walter, 9-6, "Barley"
Hi-Y Club, Leaders' Club.
"A sealed eye cannot see."

Salverio, Carmella, 9-5, "Mella"
Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug Ball, Ping Pong, Glee Club, Executive Committee, Cafeteria Council.
"I mourn with the Spring."

Saskes, Esther, 9-4
Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Traffic.
"Nobility consists of virtue."

Scott, John, 9-8, "Scotty"
Hi-Y Club, Orchestra, Band, Class Basketball.
"Out of tune."

Sheppard, Clayton, 9-8, "Shep"
Journalism Club, Treasurer of Club, Orchestra, Band, Glee Club.
"Latin? — Don't bother me."

Sherbune, Richard, 9-8, "Dick"
Journalism Club, Orchestra, Band, Basketball.
"That's all, there is no more"

Shulman, Shirley, 9-8
Journalism Club, Library Staff, Orchestra, Basketball, Cafeteria, Executive Committee.
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Sinclair, Beverly, 9-4, "Bev"
Leaders' Club, President of Club, Glee Club, Athletic Club.
"She's fairer than the trees."

Smith, Dorothy, 9-8, "Dot"
Reporters' Club, Student Council, Glee Club, Secretary of Glee Club, Basketball, Ping Pong.
"Her popularity needs no introduction."

Smith, Ernest, 9-6, "Smittie"
Hi-Y Club.
"Work, work, that's all I see."

Smith, Katherine, 9-4, "Kay"
Art Club, Vice-President of Club, Vice-President of 9-4, Traffic, Glee Club.
"I bear a charmed life."

Smith, Marion, 9-5, "Smut"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, President of Club.
"Success is by actions, not by wishing."

Sprague, Richard, 9-8, "Dick"
Reporters' Club, Basketball, Football, Soccer, Ping Pong, Leaders' Club.
"Let us fly and save the Beacon."

Stanley, Ruth, 9-7, "Boots"
Dramatic Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Slug, Hit Pin Baseball
"Oh Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo"

St. John, Mary, 9-8, "Shrimp"
Journalism Club, Literary Editor, Girls' Basketball.
"Keep thy friends under thy own life's key."

Sullivan, Catherine, 9-5, "Kay"
Debating Club, Basketball.
"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Taddeo, Yolanda Jeanette, 9-4, "Blondie"
Junior Girls' Club, Traffic.
"To endure is better than to dare."

Thiboutat, Isabelle, 9-4, "Izzy"
Junior Girls' Club, Traffic.
"Such joy ambition finds."

Todd, Elizabeth, 9-4, "Betty"
Novelty Club, Treasurer of 9-4, Secretary of Ninth Grade, Executive Committee.
"She is as fair as a memory in May."

Turcotte, John, 9-8, "Turk"
Journalism Club, Soccer Team, Basketball, Football.
"Respect the faculty that forms thy judgment."

Tropea, Marion Joana, 9-8
Novelty Club, School Basketball.
"Knowledge is power."

Vincent, Thomas, 9-8, "Popeye"
Art Club, Art Staff, Basketball, Orchestra and Band.
"It's clever, but is it art?"

Whalen, Henry, 9-6, "Whaleo"
Hi-Y Club, Football
"Work is often the factor of pleasure."

Wolf, Irma, 9-8
String Ensemble, Secretary of 9-8, Vice-President of Club, Orchestra, Leaders' Club, Ping Pong, Basketball.
"What is food to one man may be poison to another."

Zaverson, Joseph, 9-8, "Joe"
Art Club, Basketball.
"He that climbs the tall tree has won the right to the fruit."

## A GOOD TRICK

*Continued from page 18*

a minute? I want to have a look at those passengers."

"Why the passengers are all right. Now don't tell me you're still worrying over those two men?" laughed Marie.

"Just do as I say and stop asking questions," commanded Jimmy.

"All right," said Marie. She took over the wheel and sat in the pilot's seat. "Gee, but this thunder is getting on my nerves. Oh, here's a paper." She put her hand in Jimmy's pocket and drew out the last edition of the "Daily Day." With one hand on the wheel and the other holding the paper, she read the head lines. "Two Bandits Escape from Police."

"Wow!" she whispered excitedly. "No wonder Jimmy was disturbed." The paper gave a picture of the bandits. She signaled Jimmy. When he came in she said, "I take it all back, look!" Marie held the paper for Jimmy to see.

"Yep, just as I figured. Those two are the same men," spoke Jimmy softly.

"Boy, what'll we do now?" whispered Marie.

Just then the door opened and one of the men entered. "Oh, I see you've discovered who we are already," he growled. "Just now we are up against it and you have to help us out. None of the passengers know who we are yet and they aren't going to know either. Now you go out and don't try any monkey business." He pointed to Marie. "And you," he sneered at Jimmy, "are to follow my directions. See?"

Marie went out and closed the door. She could see the other man's eyes following her every move. She went into the hamper and started to make some coffee. The other man followed her in. After seeing that no way was possible to send any messages, he turned his attention toward the passengers. Marie felt in her pockets and found a little package. After making sure that no one was watching her, she proceeded to make her coffee.

"Would you like a cup?" she asked him.

"Thanks," he muttered.

After seeing that her passengers were comfortable, she turned her attention to the other man. She smiled and whispered to herself, "Good girl." The man's head had drooped on his chest and he was sleeping soundly. Marie went over to him and slipped her fingers into his pocket. After finding what she wanted, she slipped the steel automatic into her uniform pocket. Not until now had she realized that the storm had lessened.

Marie walked into the control cabin and closed the door softly. No one noticed her entrance. "All right," she whispered, "put up your hands."

The man looked up startled. Jimmy yelled, "Marie," but Marie had no intention of stopping now.

"Put up your hands," she commanded. The man did as she told him. "Now," she said to Jimmy, "get his gun and head for our landing place."

"You bet," cried Jimmy. He grabbed the controls and with a sudden lurch of the motors the ship shot full speed ahead.

"Now," she commanded the man, "you come with me. Put your hands down, but don't act funny because I'll be right in back of you. Keep walking until you come to the hamper room."

The man did as he was told and as they were passing, the passengers stared at them, but Marie only said, "Get your things together, we are going to land in ten minutes. Oh, Mr. Fox, may I see you a minute?"

"Of course," said the young man.

When they were in the hamper room, Marie said, "Mr. Fox, there's some rope in the cupboard over there. Will you please be so kind as to tie this gentleman up for me?"

Marie went into the control room. "Everything's okay," she murmured.

"You plucky girl," said Jimmy proudly. "How did you get the gun without the other one noticing you?"

"Well," smiled Marie, "you see while I was making the coffee, I thought of a little package of sleeping powder the matron gave me in case any of the passengers became too air sick. I put a lot in a cup of coffee I gave the crook and as soon as he fell asleep, I took his gun and came in here to frighten the other one."

"I guess you did frighten him," laughed Jimmy.

"The poor dope," giggled Marie, "I was more afraid of the gun than he was and if he had tried to get away, I couldn't have stopped him because I was too afraid to shoot."

Margaret Wellington, 8-6.

# HALL OF FAME

## CLASS SUPERLATIVES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Most Popular | | Most Talented | |
| Dorothy MacLean | Albert Clifford | Frances Griffin | Warren Jones |
| Most Intellectual | | Most Popular with the Girls | |
| Irma Wolfe | Walter Latham | Effie Cameron | Edward Buckley |
| Most Serious | | Most Popular with the Boys | |
| Irma Wolfe | Dante Pasqualone | Beverly Sinclair | Edward Buckley |
| Most Carefree | | Best All Round Sport | |
| Margaret Jolly | Douglas Brown | Effie Cameron | Edward Pettinelli |
| Most Versatile | | Best Dressed | |
| Irma Wolfe | Walter Latham | Doris Preston | Warren Jones |

## WHO'S WHO

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Class Grind | | Class Boy Hater | |
| Irma Wolfe | Walter Latham | Isabell Best | The Forgotten Man |
| Class Athlete | | Class Brute | |
| Effie Cameron | Edward Pettinelli | Charlotte Green | John DiTullio |
| Class Musician | | Class Heart Throb | |
| Irma Wolfe | Donald Ryder | Beverly Sinclair | Edward Buckley |
| Class Baby | | Class Actor | |
| Alice DePesa | Donald Ash | Naseema Hid | Allen Corcoran |
| Class Talkie | | Class Artist | |
| Mary Omar | George King | Doris Preston | Thomas Vincent |
| Class Girl Hater | | Class Person of Leisure | |
| Madame X | Warren Jones | Charlotte Green | William Glynn |
| Class Flirt | | | |
| Anna Mae Myatt | Paul Grant | | |

ORCHESTRA

GLEE CLUB

BAND

# :: POETRY CORNER ::

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MECHANIC
(With Apologies to S. T. C.)

It is an ancient mechanic,
  And he stoppeth one large Ford,
A model made in ninety-three,
  No miser this would hoard.

The garage doors are opened wide,
  The Ford is driven in;
The scene is met; the tools are set:
  May'st hear the battered tin.

He holds it with his monkey wrench,
  The battered Ford stood still.
There is a crash and then a bang!
  The mechanic hath his will.

The owner of this model "T"
  Sat on a stone near by,
And listened to the crash and bangs
  Which slowly made him cry.

The tears rolled down his big, fat cheeks
  As he thought of the ancient crate;
No more would it run on the level road,
  Its days were ended by Fate.

The mechanic came with sad, sad news;
  He winked his eyes as he said,
"The car has gone to the promised land,"
  And at that he shook his head.

Now the owner of that forgotten car
  Rides around in a brand new crate;
He has not forgotten Henry's creed,
  For he rides in a Ford V-8.

Veijo Andersan, 9-4.

## A CLOUD — A SMILE

Just a cloud at sunset
  After a perfect day,
Blotting out the sunshine,
  Making all things gray.

Just a frown at twilight
  After a toilsome day,
Making a heavy burden
  Heavier in every way.

Just smile at eventide
  After a cloudy day,
Lighting up the shadows,
  Making all things gray.

Just a frown that's hidden,
  Just a cloud that's riven,
Letting in the radiance —
  That makes a perfect day.

Edith Rowell, 9-8.

## PRACTICING

The time of day that I detest
Is what some others like the best:
It's when a-practicing I go
To learn to play me-re-do,
The bow squeaks o'er the cat gut strings
And to me the thoughts of play it brings.

Irma Wolf, 9-7.

## A FRIGHT IN THE NIGHT

Crash! Bang! "What's that?" I said,
As I sat up straight in my bed,
In the still of night, no one was near,
But groan, groan were the sounds I could hear.

At first they filled me with fright,
But eventually I turned on the light,
Quietly I slipped out of bed, hardly breathing,
And tripped over a book I had been reading.

I slipped to the window, without a sound,
And stood there, as though spellbound,
For the noise I had heard on awaking
Was only the sound of a loose shutter shaking.

Patricia Forsythe, 9-7.

## SEEING STARS

Hollywood is the place you see the stars —
Robert Taylor drives down the street in a shiny
  blue car;
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are dancing and
  eating a cone,
And up the street comes the stylish figure of Simone
  Simon.

I walked toward the store and whom should I meet,
But little Shirley Temple looking so sweet;
I got her autograph and went into the store,
And whom should I see but Hugh Herbert sitting
  on the floor

He is a comedian whose many laughs have taken
  effect;
He said he was looking for his trained insect.
I got what I needed and headed for home,
And on my way I met Alice Faye, Nelson Eddy,
  and Franchot Tone.

Suddenly I felt myself falling and then there was
  a thump;
I woke up on the floor and on my head was a lump;
I had been dreaming of Hollywood afar,
And certainly was seeing many a great star.

Betty Coates, 9-2.

## PUSSY WILLOWS

The pussy willows stand beside
  The big old hollow tree,
And nod their heads of grey
  As though they talk to me.

They say that winter's almost over,
  Warm days will soon be here,
And everything that blooms in spring
  Will bring us joy and cheer.

Oh, welcome, furry pussy willows,
  Birds, and everything,
Wake up and sing your song of joy
  To let us know that it is spring.

Theresa Igo, 9-8.

## MY THOUGHTS

When I am alone with the world so wide,
And all I can hear is the moaning tide,
My thoughts of the day appear so bright
And my joys are caressed by a heavenly light.
I think of the laughs and the jokes I have heard
And the sweet low cry of the mocking bird.
Some of my thoughts are so peaceful and true,
While others are fretful and make me blue,
Some of my thoughts are not so divine,
But they'll soon move on like the "March of Time."

Rosalyn Macedo, 9-3.

## DRAWING

Of all the subjects I like best
It's drawing, because we have no tests.
In printing I am not so good
But I do try as all pupils should.
My drawings are no artist's delight,
Although I try with all my might.
My notebooks are no teacher's prayer
But I admit that they are fair.
In making a person or a face,
I can not do it unless I trace,
But if Miss Leighton catches me
I know she'll surely give me D.
So I just try with all my might
To make my drawings look all right.

Louise Kalil, 9-8.

## THE LONE EAGLE

He was called the "Lone Eagle of France",
But his real name was Charlie O'Lance;
His brother had been killed the day before,
So Charlie went out to even the score.

The Spad he flew was trim and new,
The sky was cloudless, bright and blue;
Little did he dream his number was up,
And he had run to the end of his luck.

As he flew along so gracefully,
There were specks in the sun he couldn't see;
But he warmed his Vickers with a burst,
In case he should be spotted first.

Suddenly Pfalzes dripped from a cloud,
And Spandaus chattered their song aloud.
He was out-numbered by one to six,
And knew he'd have to try all his tricks.

Up the fuselage the tracers made their way,
And let through the light of day;
His ship, it crashed on the earth below,
Where the yanks would find him and know.

When he was buried so cold and so dead,
On the small tombstone, it said,
"Killed in action, Charles O'Lance
Sometimes called the 'Lone Eagle of France'."

Joseph Zaverson, 9-8.

## RADIO LAND

Hello, folks, I'm back again;
I shall tell you where I've been.
I've been to Radio Land you see,
Where I saw Eddie Cantor and had tea.

Then Parkykarkas came along
With Bobby Breen who sang a song;
This ended up the Texaco stars,
But wait, I forgot little Jack Renaud.

My next stop was a Hollywood Hotel
Where I met those artists we like so well;
Then guess who came running down the street?
It was Kate Smith which sure was a treat.

Gracie and George threw a party,
Martha Raye came in tardy,
Winchell and Bernie were also there
With Charles Butterworth and Fred Astaire.

Robert Ripley is an interesting man,
Major Bowes helps all he can;
Jack Benny, the funny comedian,
Decided to give up his violin.

With Nelson Eddy I spent my last day,
And certainly wished that I could have stayed;
But I'm here again as I've said before,
But I like Radio Land more and more.

Carolyn Foye, 9-2.

## AN EASTER HAT

I have a little Easter hat,
Very round and very flat,
With a perky little ribbon
Floating down the back.
The color of my hat is blue;
Of course, that color isn't new,
But if your mother buys it,
What are you going to do?
I hope that day is fine
When I wear it for the first time,
'Cause I should hate to spoil it,
That Easter hat of mine.

Phyllis Hindmarsh, 8-1.

## RADIO COMEDIANS

Each evening when my homework's done
And everything's away,
With the radio I have some fun
And hear what the comedians say.

One night there's Burns and Allen,
That awfully funny pair,
Gracie's plays and nursery rhymes
Are enough to raise your hair.

And then I hear Jack Benny,
Who plays the violin
To the sorrow of his enemy,
Who's tired of that din.

There's another Allen on the list
With Portland Hoffa's "Hello";
He'd rather fight with mouth than fist
With the man that sells "Jello".

Dorothy Hanson, 9-7.

## A WARNING

I know a fellow at our school
And all he's good for is to fool;
He cares no more for class and books
Than fishes do for empty hooks;
His only business is to play
And kill the time in any way.

I know a man, lives on our street,
The saddest of all I meet;
He goes his lonely-looking way
And has no heart for work or play;
For when he was a boy at school
His only business was to fool.

Mary Corcoran, 9-7.

## THE LATIN QUIZZ

Today is the day of the Latin quiz,
But Tommy's far away,
He dreams he's in an old tin lizz
And bumping along the way,
When suddenly comes the quaint remark,
"You've failed again today".

Richard Sherburne, 9-8.

## I OFTEN STOP TO WONDER

I often stop to wonder
When I see a man of means
Step out of his way to make life hard
For one of his fellow beings,
Just what his theory of life must be
Is the question I ask myself;
What is the joy that he takes from life?
And what does he gain for himself?
He may be worth many millions;
His head may be held very high,
But oh, the thoughts he will surely have
When he knows that he must die!
I'd rather live in a hut alone
And sweat for my bread each day
Than wallow in gold and treasure
That was filched from a laborer's pay.
We're only here for a day or two
On the journey from cradle to grave.
Let us spread a little of sunshine,
The kind that the Master gave.
Then when the summons comes to go,
As it surely comes to all,
We can answer, "Yes, we're coming,"
And we will not fear the call.

Mary Hanabury, 9-3.

## SPRING

We're glad, so glad, that spring is here,
It makes us feel so full of cheer,
The crocus buds now are peeping,
And columbines will soon be creeping.

No longer do we want the snow,
No longer hear the north wind blow,
The robins and the bluebirds sing;
And we, the people, welcome spring.

Shirley Shulman, 9-8.

## TWO HEADACHES

The subjects which give headaches most,
And often bring remorse,
Are Algebra and Latin
In the good old college course.

Of course, the brightest pupils
Who have these subjects here,
Just do their work and like it,
As they have all through the years.

But those who do not relish them
And can't get them, so they've said,
Since they know they cannot throw them out,
Should use their brains — and get ahead.

So those who do not like them
Will campaign against these subjects,
But those who mean to get ahead
Will make learning them their objects.

Marie Buzzi, 9-7.

## MY BABY SISTER

My baby sister, sweet and dear,
Always brings me joy and cheer,
Whenever I am feeling blue,
I p'ck her up to hear her coo.

She has no worries, she has no cares,
She sucks her thumb and at me stares,
I do not know what I would do
Without this baby sister new.

Yolande Di Nardo, 9-7.

## THE PAPER BOY

The tired and cold paper boy stands all alone
Trying to make money for his sick mother at home.
No matter what happens he is always there,
Even if it's storming or if the weather is fair.
His coat is all torn and his cheeks like a rose,
But he wants his sick mother to have warm clothes.
He sells his papers until he has no more,
Although it is very cold and his body is sore.
When his papers are sold and evening is near,
He starts for home and for his mother dear.
As he steps into the house she's filled with joy,
For God has preserved her brave little paperboy.

Carmella Nash, 9-4.

## CASTOR OIL

When I have a little ache,
It's castor oil I have to take.
"Go to bed", my mother said,
"Or in the morning you'll be dead"

So into bed I do hop,
Feeling like a great big top;
Round and round goes my head,
And mother says, "Stay in bed".

In the morning the doctor comes,
And says the trouble's in my tums.
Sicker and sicker I do get
'Til an operation's my best bet.

Albert Clifford, 9-7.

**STAGECRAFT CLUB**
**HI - Y CLUB**

**CLASS OF 8 - 1**
**TRAVEL CLUB**

## MY HOBBY

When my homework is over,
To build model aeroplanes I try;
And when they are completed,
It's a thrill to see them fly.

Some of them will crack up,
Some of them will fly —
Soaring o'er the branches,
Soaring in the sky.

John C. Fyffe, 9-7.

## A BOY'S WOES

My mother says, "Go wash your hands!"
I just don't think she uuderstands,
A feller can't keep clean and neat,
When playing football on the street.

She says, "Oh, son, you are a sight!"
I never seem to be just right.
But by the time that I get old,
Maybe she'll not have to scold.

Walter Downs, 8-3.

## THIS DREARY WORLD

Why must this world so dreary be?
No play, no fun, no pleasure,
With no pretty things to see,
Life's an imitation treasure.

This is such a dreary world,
Homes are ruined by the floods,
Houses by tornadoes swirled,
Trucks are buried in the muds.

Why must this world so dreary be?
"Lawsey, gosh, oh golly, gee" —
That's what every person says
Of gloomy hours, and cloudy days.

Loved ones dying, children crying
Is what happens every day,
Bodies in the roads are lying;
I wonder how one can be gay.

Why must this world so dreary be?
No happy hours, no smiles, no flowers,
Life is a dark and boundless sea
With stumbling blocks and bleak old towers.

To merit heaven, you must pay a fee,
And a high one too; this thing called life,
It is just an endless strife.
Why must this world so dreary be?

Walter Farrell, 8-1.

# HONOR ROLL

## GRADE 9

### High Honors

Walter Latham*
Marion Norling**
Elizebeth Todd*
Irma Wolfe*

### Honors

Veijo Anderson*
Marie Buzzi**
Thomas Caddy*
Lena Cashook*
John Christon
Betty Coates*
William Cohen
Arthur Della Barba**
Delores Del Vechio*
Alice DePesa*
Arthur Deveau
Yolanda DiNardo*
Bambino DiScuillo
Dellia DiTullio**
Pauline Fargo**
Catherine Fay**
Rose Gabriel**
Elizebeth Graff
Paul Grant
Richard Gray
Charlotte Green*
Julia Hajjar**
Dorothy Hanson
James Haselett
Albert Hassan
Marjorie Hawco**
Theresa Igo
Edward Johnsen*
Warren Jones
Constantin Kaumaris
Anna LeCount*
Marie LaMartia
Earl Lancy
Walter Latham
Flora Latou**
Dorothy MacLean**
Mary Magiotti
Reggie Mariano
Robert Marr
Mary McCue
Mary Maida
Jennie Mollica**
Phyllis Murray**
Mary Omar*
Josephine Panarelli
Michael Panarelli
Fred Parker*
Dante Pasqualone
Rose Poliatti**
Rita Pompeo**
Doris Preston
Daniel Quinn**
Edith Rowell**
Shirley Shulman
Richard Sherburne
Beverly Sinclair*
Dorothy Smith*
Katherine Smith*
Yolanda Taddeo**
Isabelle Thiboutot**
Elizabeth Todd
Thomas Vincent
Irma Wolfe
Joseph Zaverson

## GRADE 8

### High Honors

Lael Cutler*
Virginia Fair*
Shirley Gardner
Mabel Hajjar**
Margaret Kay**
Norma Stoler**
Hope Whiting**

### Honors

Laverna Arsenault
Kathleen Barry*
Annie Brandes*
Mary Bucaileri
Lena Cavalieri
Viola Colella
Margaret Conroy*
Shirley Easton**
Virginia Fair
Walter Farrell
Alice Fields**
Shirley Gardner*
John Glynn*
Irene Goodhue*
Frank Gramizio
Thomas Grazioso**
Daniel Hartrey**
George Hodgkins
Marie Kaumaris
Sophia Koury
Dorothy McDermott*
Dante Moscone
Barbara Nord**
Mary Oliverio
Helen Paige**
Susie Papia**
Marguerite Purpura
Catherine Quinn
Bernard Ranerie**
Augustine Russo*
Anna Salvaggi
Elanie Shaw
Dorothy Sinclair
Mary Sullivan
Helena Tocchio
Mary Todd
Margaret Wellington

## GRADE 7

### High Honors

Wilrene Ash
Selma Brick**
Robert MacAndrew*
Joyce Peterson
Giosive Sandonato
Mary Stevens
Tony Rizzo
Blanche Tobey
Ethel Talchinsky
Vincent Marjiorie**

### Honors

Wilferene Ash*
Ethel Berstein*
Henry Bowsworth
Chester Catler
Margaret Davidson
Norma Deveau**
Anthony DiTullio
Peter DiTullio
James Dorley
Josephine Dracchio*
Elizebeth Elder
Ruth Eng**
Herbert Erskine
Jason Feldman
Robert Ferrante**
James Ferris
Gemma Fertile**
Wallacena Galbraith
Gordon Guest**
Sidney Hajjar**
Shirley Hart
Ruth Johnsen
Doris Johnson
Elvera Johnson
Peter Kanavos*
Barbara Keegan*
Mary Koury*
Lewis Leavitt*
Richard Lusk**
Bessie Maida*
Elizebeth MacLeod
Doris Mandelli**
George Mattuliana
Robert McAndrew
Gloria McPhee
Phyllis Muir**
Albert Monaco**
Robert Nankin
Joseph Nader*
Carmelo Nicosia**
Natica Nash**
Violet Nichols
Patricia O'Dowd*
Josephine Ostrowski*
Albert Oliverio**
John Omar*
Lettie Parker
Charles Peterson
Joyce Peterson
Arthur Ricci
Tony Rizzo*
Wilson Russell
Barbara Russell**
Giosive Sandonato*
Adeline Scolaro*
George Scrimshaw
Ida Segal*
Louise Shaheen
Miriam Sherad**
Mildred Shubert*
Lawrence Smith
Angela Sorgenti*
Malcom Stewart
Charles Stone*
Cynthia Terry*
William Szathmary
Blanche Tobey*
Ethel Talchinsky*
Rosamond Walsh**
Geraldine Wentworth

*Additional Terms.

# WITH THE GREAT

## SCHOOL PRESIDENT

As I walked into Room 17, I saw a very neat-looking boy at the far side of the room. He turned out to be Albert Clifford, our School President. Albert is fifteen years old, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and is five feet six inches tall.

He was born in Dorchester, but moved to Quincy when he was two years old and has lived here ever since. Albert has attended Saint Joseph's, the Thomas B. Pollard School, and the Quincy Point Junior High.

His favorite sports are football, baseball, and hockey. His favorite movie actor and actress are Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

When Albert finishes high school he expects to go to Bridgewater State Teachers' College, to become a geography teacher.

Milton Levine, 9-7.

## CLASS PRESIDENT

Dorothy MacLean was very pleasant about the idea of being interviewed. She began by telling me that she was born on September 2, 1922 in Boston. She is the oldest child in her family.

The schools which she has attended are: Adams School, Weymouth School, Washington School, Lincoln School, and the Quincy Point Junior High. In the future, Dorothy hopes to enter the Correspondence Department of the Christian Science Publishing House in Boston.

Dorothy is five feet three inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and is popular in school. Her favorite subject is Science. Her favorite sports are swimming, dancing, horseback riding, and basketball. Her favorite actor is Fred MacMurray; her favorite actress, Myrna Loy. Two of her special friends are Betty Todd and Effie Cameron.

In the play, "Scarecrow Creeps," she had the part of Norma. Dorothy is President of the Ninth Grade.

Elizabeth Graff, 9-7.

# POINT PRICKERS

### LOUD SPEAKERS WANTED

Teacher: "Are there any suggestions for improving the audiometer test?"

Edward: "Yes, tell them to talk louder."

### THE TRUTH?

Latin Teacher: "Give me the Latin for the word meaning man."

Milton: "Vir, Viri" (pronounced — we're weary).

### A GREAT ASTRONOMER

Science Teacher: "What is Pluto?"

Frank: "Mickey Mouse's dog."

### SHORT CUT

Councilor: "How can time be saved between classes?"

Class Wit: "When going upstairs, take two at a time."

### STUNG!

Smart: "I listened to the coronation program."

Smarter: "I saw the queen."

Smart: "Saw the Queen? How could you?"

Smarter: "I mean the queen bee in the Science Room."

### WHAT IT TAKES

Albert: "What three cars start with a letter of the alphabet?"

Raymond: "All of them, of course."

Albert: "That's funny. Mine starts with gasoline."

### IN MATH CLASS

Teacher: "What did you ask, William?"

Abraham: "A question."

# DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Raymond Pesse is an amateur boxer?

Gerald Rogers makes peculiar little sounds every once in a while?

John Christensen is an author?

Seven members of our orchestra play for High School Band?

John Fyffe maks model æroplanes?

The orchestra is going to receive special letters this year?

"The Beacon" was a great success?

9-7 has five redheads?

Edward Buckley is a very promising boxer?

Mary Banks takes tap dancing lessons?

Warren Jones plays the fiddle?

Leon Berger likes to be an entertainer?

Edward Johnson is taking tuba lessons?

Leonard Kyle takes singing lessons?

We have many new bicycles in the bicycle room?

Warren Jones' middle name is Kaey?

Richard Gray was the first to lose a 1937 class pin?

CLASS OF 8 - 3

ART STAFF

CLASS OF 8 - 4

CLASS OF 8 - 6

## TWIN LOCKETS

"Wonder with whom I am going to share my room this year?"

"Oh, dear, I hope my trunks get here soon."

"I hear that we have a new English teacher."

These remarks were overheard in the reception hall in Miss Pickney's School for Girls. There were girls every where; rushing around, talking, and asking all sorts of questions. Some wore happy expressions on their faces as they sighted an old friend. Some sat all alone with an expression on their faces which said, "I wish that I were home!"

In the midst of a group of questioning girls stood one of medium height with a pretty face and curly brown hair. She was answering questions as fast as they were flung at her.

"Did you have a good vacation?"

"Marvelous!"

"Do you know we have a new English teacher?"

"Yes, and it's her first job."

"Girls, you must quiet down! I am going to assign you to your rooms," said a tall, elderly woman.

"Dear old Miss Pickney, I bet a dollar that we'll hear that speech again. She uses it every year," said a small girl.

"I am very happy to see so many girls at my school. I see some old faces that I knew last year and some new ones. I know you will love it here and keep up the school name. It always has had a good reputation and I hope you will help to preserve it."

"What did I tell you?" whispered the girl.

## HANDCRAFT CLUB
## CLASS OF 7 - 3

As soon as Miss Pickney had finished her well-known speech, she gave each girl a room and room-mate.

"Jean Clark and Mary Jaynes, Room 18.
"Alice Martin and Joann Taylor, Room 15.
"Ruth Wilson and Jane Bryan, Room 14."

The names were continued until every girl had been taken care of.

"Jane, aren't you glad Miss Pickney gave us our old room back?" said Ruth.

"You bet," answered Jane, "we're going to have lots of fun this year."

"Do you know whom Kay is rooming with this year?" asked Ruth.

"I think Miss Pickney gave her a new girl, 'Helen something'," answered Jane.

The next few days were very busy ones for the girls. There were books and school supplies to be bought, trunks and suitcases to be unpacked, and classes were to begin Monday. A few nights later, four girls were gathered in Room 14, the two occupants, Kay, and her room-mate, Helen.

## CLASS OF 7 - 2
## WANTAREADIT CLUB

"My! what a pretty locket you have," said Ruth. "Does it open?"

"Yes it opens," answered Helen. "My mother's picture is inside. Would you like to see it?" She opened the locket and showed the girls a picture of a pretty woman. This picture was taken before she was married," said Helen.

"Does she look the same?" asked Kay.

"My mother died when I was very young."

"Oh, we're so sorry. We didn't know," said Jane. "I'll bet your father and you miss her terribly," said Ruth.

"He died, too, a few days before mother. They both had been in an auto accident. Father died instantly. Mother died in the hospital. She had a very weak heart and the shock of father's death was too much for her. She died a few days later. Would you like me to continue my story?"

"Oh, do," pleaded Kay.

CLASS OF 7 - 4
CLASS OF 7 - 5

"All right. I'll continue. I was placed in an orphan's home, for nobody knew whether I had any relations. When I was ten the lady in charge of the home told me the story of my parents' death, and how I was placed in the home."

Not a word was spoken when Helen finished. After the girls had gone and Ruth and Jane were in bed, Jane suddenly sat up in bed and poked Ruth.

"Ruth, are you asleep?"

"No, why?"

"Ruth, I've seen that locket before somewhere. If I could only remember where."

The next few months were very busy ones. One day Jane walked into Miss Pickney's office. As she entered she saw an object on the floor. She picked it up.

CLASS OF 7 - 6
CLASS OF 7 - 7

"Jane, what have you there?"

"It's Helen's locket."

"May I see it?"

"Surely."

Miss Pickney looked at the picture and her face turned white. "Send her to me at once."

Jane went out to look for Helen. She went into the library where she found her reading a book. "Helen, Miss Pickney wants you. I think you had better see her at once."

It was twenty minutes before they came out of the office. "Jane, I want you to meet my aunt, Miss Pickney. She is mother's twin sister and they both had lockets alike. Mother ran away to marry father and they never heard of her again."

Dorothea McDermott, 8-5.

## *Congratulations*

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| 29.75 | 17.50 | 19.50 |
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| 1. BLUE SUIT | 1. SPORT COAT | 1. SPORT COAT |
| 2. FLANNELS | 2. FLANNELS | 2. FLANNELS |
| 3. SHOES | 3. SHOES | 3. SHOES |

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PLYMOUTH ROCK
ICE CREAM

**"It's Good For The Children"**

SERVED EXCLUSIVELY IN
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***Get Summer Clothes Ready NOW!***

**White Flannels, Wash Suits,**
**Your Nifty Sport Suits!**

Entrust any or all of them to our care and you're all set.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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and
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**Tel. President 2670**

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J. Alcide Beaumier
Manager

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*of the*

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*We are all permanent wave specialists*

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**$29.50 and up**

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*THE POINTER STAFF*


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